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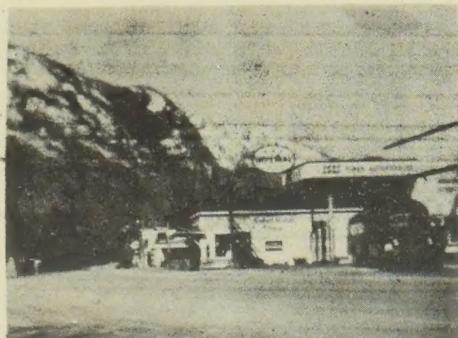
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## Editorial

### Dr. Johnson Prescribes

When Byron Johnson, the comparatively young, forceful, energetic and capable business man, assumed leadership of the Liberal party about a year ago and took over the Premiership of British Columbia from aging, white-haired John Hart, the Liberal record of achievement throughout the north country was rather pitiful.

Thirty-odd years ago the Liberal administration of that day turned thumbs down on P.G.E. completion plans designed to stimulate and encourage north country development - entombed Peace River-bound P.G.E. rails at Quesnel - and promptly turned its back and a deaf ear to the two-thirds of the country which lies north of the C.P.R. main line and concentrated its efforts on industrializing the southwestern corner of the province. For thirty years successive administrations, Liberal, Conservative and Coalition maintained this policy of inaction, doing little or nothing to promote development of the tremendous known coal, timber, mineral and agricultural resources of the north country.

Politically, the results of this 'deaf-ear' policy have been all but disastrous to the two old-line parties. Thirty years of strong campaign promises interspersed with four year periods of deliberate neglect could only result in one thing - a strong swing to the left. Provincially, the Peace River, Prince George, and Omineca ridings have turned C.C.F. The Federal Cariboo Riding, which extends from Cariboo to the Peace River, has also turned C.C.F. So strong was the pent-up feeling of resentment at having their needs so long ignored by Victoria, that some Peace River residents instituted a move to have the rich B.C. section of the Peace River annexed by Alberta, with whom they have been doing business for the past forty years.

Industrially and economically the results to the province have been

continued on page 49

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# Twilight North of 59

By W.N. "Rusty" Campbell

**F**ew things now vastly amuse me, but there is still one statement I sometimes read in current publications that gives me to laugh greatly, ironically of course. Sorry, but I have almost lost the gift of laughing otherwise.

It is generally the immature out-sputings of some callow, youthful author, and very often a product of those overgrown academies of learning we now have in such numbers in our land. It goes something like this: 'There are now no geographical frontiers left in Canada. All have been rolled up and their secrets exposed. The only frontiers left to the present generation (who are much different from their fathers, as they have been trained to think) are the frontiers of science, such as inorganic chemistry, etc., etc.'

Such statements are no doubt made by these youths from a sincere belief that this is true. Also without the slightest intention on their part of attempting to follow the shadow of lonely mountain ranges to where the water flows the other way, or to trace the windings of swift, mud-colored rivers in our own north, to prove the truth of their immature vaporings.

For, far up in the north of this province of British Columbia, hard by the 59th Parallel of Latitude, lies or rather, stands, I should say, a grim, desolate country known sometimes as the roof of B.C. It is empty of humans, shunned even by the Indian trapper, and disdained by the prospector with the few exceptions of some of his brethren who remain there forever, with grinning skulls lying anyhow among whitened bones, as if to tempt some wandering adventurer to tarry awhile and listen to a tall tale.

It is near the headwaters of the Turnagain river, that flows into the Kechiko river, which in its turn empties its muddy waters into the mighty Liard river. It is a country of wicked-looking, saw-toothed mountain ranges, gutted by numerous unnamed and unmapped tributaries that roar down into the main stream for half a year, and then are gripped and strangled by winter for the balance of the year.

High, high up the steep passes, glaciers to whose foot no man has yet climbed, stare icily across their tumbled kingdom except on occasions when, with a mighty roar, they let go great portions of blue ice into the valley below, making reverberations that echo back and forth across the mountain trench, and then gradually ceasing to let the primordial silence again hold sway.

It is in such practically unexplored certainly unmapped wilderness country as this, of which there are still large stretches in northern B.C., one can expect to come across the unusual, if not the unaccountably strange, and sometimes, almost, shall we dare say (you and I who do not believe in ghosts) things that seem to have no place in the naturalness of our ordered world.

During the period between the two wars, and some years before the present peace broke out, I had occasion to enter the country so described. 'Enter', forsooth, a pleasing enough term to call back-breaking hardship cold, driving rain, black hordes of fierce mosquitoes, to say little of swift water and actual hunger, just to mention a few things not every explorer has had to contend with all down the ages.



Junction of the Kechika and the Turnagain Rivers - North Rocky Mt. Trench

My occupation had kept myself and companion on the move most of the late summer, mapping chiefly, and gathering data and information to add to our ever-growing sum of knowledge of these almost unknown hinterlands. It was high time, however, we got outside. With some weeks of a difficult and rough trail ahead, we knew that if we did not wish to remain one with the "brethren of the grinning skull," we should start soon.

Some distance up the large tributary we were on, we had cached a cottonwood canoe, as the section of river that we were near was canyon-studded and unnavigable. We had, with great labor and with the aid of a curved adze and crooked knife, in the early part of the season, manufactured this canoe from a small cottonwood tree felled on the beach. Even a few hours travel down the current in a canoe with our outfit was worth the whole trouble compared with the unending labor of foot travel along the rugged valley floor.

We had been for days on short rations, in fact so short that we gen-

erally had finished our scanty meal before our haunches had accustomed themselves to a sitting position around the campfire, and our bellies were even now beginning to sag.

We started out on the return trip, with much lightened loads, and up a pass we hoped would take us over the high range and save us much hard travel. We had struck a gravel beach and were ambling along at a good clip when we were brought to a full stop by signs of some recent disturbance just ahead, in a spongy patch of birch-fringed flat at the foot of a high, rocky cliff. The soft ground was unbelievably churned up by what looked like monster foot-steps. No moose, even the biggest one in the world, could make foot-steps like that. Where the great animal had left the mud-flats and turned into the birch wood we followed the spore by extensively trampled underbrush and birch trees that had been broken and plowed down, almost as if a tractor "cat" had trailed into the bush land. By the color of the sap stain in the broken trees we could estimate that several

days had elapsed since the monster, whatever it was, had gone this way.

The tracks, owing to the spongy nature of the ground, were unshaped, but what were showing were huge and spaced an incredible distance apart, that is, if they were tracks.

My companion was not at all happy at the looks of these signs, and he had in that idea, if not lots of company, at least some company....myself.

The country was empty of humans except ourselves, we were sure of that, as during our two and one-half months of wandering, nary a shot, or human track, or even a camping sign had we heard or seen. We had heard rumours outside of some hardy soul who was far up the mountain trenches, but as we had seen no sign of any person, had long ago passed this up as a mistake.

It was towards the evening of our second day's march, or rather, scrambling along rocky cliffs, sometimes with green, boiling water hundreds of feet below us; at other times wading almost waist deep in the fringing, half-submerged willow swamps in the driving rain . . . that we heard it! We had come into a small, grassy meadow, at the mouth of a tumbling stream that hurled itself from high up among the slanting snow-fields, and stood discussing the question of making camp for the night, when a chattering, rather high-strung bark sounded from away up the creek draw. It was not that of a coyote, being deeper in tone; nor did it have the howl of the wolf in it; both of these wilderness cries were too well known to us to mistake them. It was a bark, alright, but different than either of us could remember hearing before. If it was a bark, then man was there, probably camped, and so without further ado we shouldered our packs and strode up the creek bank, following distinct signs of human footsteps on the moss-covered ground.

There, on a shelving bank near the foot of a small, but noisy waterfall, stood a silent, quiet figure of a man. We stopped in our tracks, and involuntarily lifted our right hands, palms outward and on a level with the face--the universal sign all over the world when men meet in the wild places of

the globe--the sign of greeting and friendship--the sign of hail and farewell.

The man returned the salute, and we went forward. At first I mistook him for a lone, wandering Indian, even when I stood beside him, as the shades of the short day in the shadow of the towering mountains were fast-closing in. Then I noted quickly that his features were anything but that of an Indian, but were distinctly Mongol, not Chinese as we know them here. He had dark, piercing eyes, and the direct, level glance of a hillman, something akin, I thought, of some of the Indian hillman soldiers I had seen during the wars, but with heavier features. His dress was, after all, like the dress of all woodsmen who fight their way along mountain sides and tangled forests month after month--like ours, ragged, dirty and patched. He may have had, in fact I think he did wear, a ragged sheepskin jacket, with the wool inside. However, if the three of us stood side by side in our stained and worn clothing, there would be little to choose between us, except perhaps the quality of our rags. The only piece of his apparel that caught my notice at all was a very high-crowned felt cap with huge ear-flaps, and a string of very large brown beads that could be seen about his neck.

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We threw our packs to the ground, and he pointed to a smouldering fire of balsam sticks, thus extending the hospitality of the wilderness camp place.

As he moved to kick the fire together, I saw, sitting silently observing us, glitteringly, the dog whose bark we had no doubt heard far down in the valley. He was different, (and still familiar at the same time) from any dog I ever remember seeing before. He sat on his haunches, removed and aloof, thin and gaunt, with high pointed ears, and a black pointed muzzle. His colour was a dirty yellow, and his hair rough and not overly long. As I regarded him it suddenly flashed to my memory the reason for the familiarity of his peculiar appearance. Some years ago I listened to a traveller from the inner steppes of Asia lecture with the help of screen pictures, on his experiences in that far off land. He described the native dogs at length, such as the one before

me. The learned traveller claimed they were no doubt the original wild dog, little changed by outbreeding, that had first wandered into man's campfire place, and, finding it good, had remained all down the long centuries as his companion. Certainly his bark had the notes of the "call of the wild" in its mingling of coyote yelp and wolf howl. No wonder we were unable to place this bark that sounded down the rocky pass, not long before, in the grey twilight of a closing day.

I had noted on entering his camping place a few strips of drying meat, moose or caribou, doubtless, hanging to a pole rack in the background. Now that his fire was again burning brightly, he unsheathed his large belt-knife, and, motioning me to follow him, walked towards these meat racks. It was then I received a surprise. Portions of the meat hanging on the racks still had tufts of hair unremoved, and thrown to one side were pieces of the hide with the hair still adhering.

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This hair was of a reddish-brown color, extremely coarse, and varied anywhere from one foot to two feet long, and even some tufts longer.

He cut off generous portions for both of us and himself, and we soon had meat grilling on stakes at the fire. I opened my pack and took out our only package of tea, and, motioning him to cup his hands, poured out sufficient to fill his cupped hands. I could see his eyes light up, and knew I had hit on one thing he prized.

We found his meat excellent, but different than any moose or caribou I had hitherto tasted. It was tender, and contained much more fat than either of these large animals, but was thoroughly enjoyed.

While sitting smoking for a spell afterwards, I asked him, in the best sign language I could muster, where he had come from. He pointed to the northwest, and, with his thumb and first finger of his left hand made a circle, with the remaining three fingers extended. It was not difficult to see he was representing the sun in sign language, the three fingers extended above the circle made to represent its rays. Then, still holding the sign, he opened and closed the fingers of his right hand eight times. Thus, forty suns travel to the northwest!

The first drifting snowflakes kissed our cheeks while we tarried at the fire, the dark spruce closing us in like a kindly screen. The muffled roar of mountain water formed a background to our thoughts. We must away early and fast in the morning as we had many days of hard going before us.

Just before turning in I pointed to the meat racks and placing my extended hands to my head to represent antlers asked a question that had been puzzling both of us. He gave me a long, level look, half smile, bent forward with a sliver of birch bark towards the campfire, and smoothed the ashes for about a foot square. He then picked a slender, pointed stick out of the fire, and, holding it at the extreme end between his fingers, much as I had often seen the Chinese do with their writing brush, slowly traced in the grey ashes at his feet an astonishing likeness of that extinct animal . . . the Mammoth, the great hairy beast

of the glacier age that once roamed these valleys!

What I have told is precise, correct and true, and I don't explain . . . you do that. I am only telling.



'I see Eddie is going out hunting bare'

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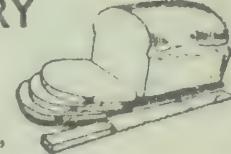
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# The Last Quartz Ledge

by - R.D. Cumming



**I**t was about the time of the "Bonanza" gold quartz excitement on Cayuse creek near Lillooet in the middle eighties. James Trathewey of Matsqui on the Lower Fraser was operating the flour mill at Pavilion doing the fall grinding. The mill was owned by the late William Lee, maternal uncle to the writer of this true story, and was situated 21 miles from Lillooet at the foot of Pavilion mountain on the old Cariboo road toward Clinton. Built in 1871, the mill operated to the year 1906, and it was destroyed by fire of unknown origin in 1918, after the power had been used for the driving of a sawmill by the late J. B. Tiffin, the final owner of the property.

Trathewey had been the miller at Pavilion for some years previous to the Bonanza discovery. He was a flour miller by profession but a prospector by instinct, although he had never owned a mine in his life, and I doubt if he knew the difference between a gold-pan and a dish-pan. At any rate, his sole ambition, apart from making a living as a flour miller, was to discover and sell a gold mine and get rich quick. He could talk of nothing but mines and prospects of mines, and his ambition along that line was governed by the magnitude of any gold excitement that might arise at a given time.

Anyway, a year or two before the Cayuse creek discovery, Trathewey set out one Sunday morning to climb a mountain to pass away the time. It is not on record that he had a prospecting bee in his bonnet, but that might have been at the back of his mind, and

what began as a stroll ended in the "discovery" of a quartz ledge.

He climbed the face of the tree-studded mountain in front of the mill to its visible summit about 1000 feet in the air, crossed an open range of a hundred or more acres and disappeared into the tall timbers beyond. Finally the country became undulating with low valleys and high knolls; and here, from the top of one knoll he discovered, or at least saw, on the face of a cliff across one of the valleys, a well-defined quartz ledge inviting itself to be staked off by a prospector.

Unfortunately the miller had no time to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the prospect. He was a long way from home and the day was advancing, so he decided to postpone the formality of an introduction to a future date when he would return and do the staking, better prepared for the work.

However, he took careful note of the location and direction, marked with his mind's eye the outstanding features of the landscape, studied trees, contours of surrounding hills and valleys, took longitude and latitude without the assistance of compass or any other artificial instrument for taking one's bearings, and began the tramp home.

A few years passed before the opportunity and renewed interest arrived, and only came with the discovery of Bonanza. The Lillooet strike was on everyone's tongue and lips and Trathewey immediately recalled the quartz ledge waiting his return on top of the high mountain facing the mill. He could wait no longer; infected by the



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prospector's fever of the times, he determined to seek the ledge again and stake claims for himself and all his friends and relatives.

Now, there were few men in British Columbia those days who lacked interest financially and mentally in mines, real or imaginary. Everyone had visions of gold nuggets sticking out of quartz rock somewhere on the untrodden hills waiting to be discovered and developed. Since William Lee was no exception to that rule, he caught the contagion. Having been through the California gold rush in '49 and the Fraser river in '62, he seized the opportunity of a lifetime and accepted the invitation when Trathewey asked him to join his expedition for discovery.

Accompanied by a packhorse with "grub" and blankets sufficient for two days and one night, the two set out early one morning and soon disappeared over the brow of the mountain facing the mill. My brother William and I, who, at that time were serving our apprenticeship to the flour milling business, were left to hold the fort until their return.

To our young minds, it was more or less of a tragedy -- two old men who had little future to worry about and no means whereby they might spend and enjoy a fortune to be made out of a castle in the air -- setting out to climb trails made only by the feet of wild things and disappearing from sight into the practically unknown, perhaps never to return.

What happened during the two days and one night in the wilderness by themselves is a closed book. Anyway they began the adventure with light hearts and feathery feet and returned with heavy hearts and feet heavy as lead. We guessed the truth from faces that spoke louder than words. The packhorse was tired too, but didn't have the additional mental strain of disappointment over a quartz ledge that had vanished from the face of the earth.

The prospectors volunteered no information but went about their business as usual, Trathewey grinding wheat, and Lee selling groceries, buying gold from Indians and Chinese, and attending to his duties as post-

master for Her Majesty the Queen at Pavilion. We gathered from words dropped at random, however, they never found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

By degrees the whole story leaked out. It transpired that they had tramped and tramped and tramped in search of a phantom quartz ledge; they had knocked and knocked and knocked, but no door had been opened unto them. They slept that night on the hard ground under the shelter of a tree, fortunately free from rain or snow, perhaps dreaming more of home and a soft bed than of the elusive quartz mine. At any rate, they slept on a primitive mountain top under the stars on a spot that is unknown as their resting place to any living person today, but which, nevertheless, has that historic distinction attached to it wherever it may be.

Trathewey's alibi when he had regained consciousness, was that an earthquake had changed the face of nature in the locality and had taken his quartz ledge with it. He saw the very spot, but it was different. Uncle Lee laughed after the tired feeling had left his bones and the blisters had gone from his feet and toes, and said Trathewey must have had a pipe dream. At any rate both had gathered enough experience in prospecting for potential mines to do them for life.

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SECOND in a series of yarns about "Cariboo Dutchie" -- in which he gives the reader in his own unapproachable style, some of the highlights of a highly varied and colorful career -- a career which has cast him in the role of everything from real-estate agent to trapper, rancher, merchant, fur buyer, musician salesman and antique dealer.

# "CARIBOO DUTCHIE"

## the "Maestra" and Super-salesman

by FRED (Cariboo Dutchie) LANGELER

In the hard thirties I was situated in a small town in the interior of the Cariboo and was the proud owner of a real steed of the road, a Model T Ford with flapping curtains and I was also representative for various firms in tailor made clothing and ladies wear with a cowboy boot agency. This, combined with the spirit to make an honest living by dressing up the scattered population of ranchers, cowboys and other inhabitants of the Cariboo.

I just like to illustrate how happy folks could live at that time in this forgotten part of British Columbia and in my mind the best in the world.

Money in them days was as scarce there as in any other part of the world, but I thought people still have to wear clothes as they were by law not allowed to expose themselves as Doukabours, so I could not help but make some sales.

I was also pretty well known by the



population as an amateur musician and I covered various parts of the Cariboo with a 4 to 5 piece Cowboy band and played for the dances at the Stampedes in the district. My good wife was naturally a member of my band, and besides an old pal of us, a real Cowpoke and horsewrangler, was our fiddler and he really could handle his instrument to the satisfaction of the dancing public. In addition we had 2 more instruments to complete my band.

Later on a little more about these Cariboo Buckaroos, who made many a hazardous trip in the interior for a good night session mostly till daylight.

To come back to my selling career in the Cariboo, I loved it, and when I started a trip which usually took me a week or ten days from home, I loaded the Model T up with a small grubstake, coffeebilly and frying pan, blankets and naturally my fishing tackle and not to forget enough parts for repair of the Model T, or pretty near enough to build another one, as I travelled mostly in the regions where no other salesman dared venture with his car and in that way I eliminated most competition.

I dressed up for the occasion in Cowboy hat and boots, as If I appeared as a city salesman my country clients would not trust such a highfalutin gentleman, and I felt more at home with my friends the ranchers and their help.

After being so equipped, I knew I could not fail to make sales and establish myself as a regular Caribooite. In them thar days I thought nothing of it to cover a hundred miles to capture a sale with a 5 dollar commission (minus expenses) and the last was minor as no Cariboo rancher would let me go without a meal or a good bed in the house or with the boys in the bunkhouse.

I would like to describe one of these trips as a sample for this story. Any of these trips was always full of adventure, and I also got my appointments for the orchestra during these travels.

One morning I left our sleepy village (in them days I liked to rise early) and after many attempts to get the Ford started by cranking till I

could not crank any more and my arm felt like it was coming out of its socket it finally snorted, and I said goodbye to my wife as if I was departing for Europe, as a man never knows what might happen on any of these trips in the wilds.

My capital consisted on this particular morning in the depression days of \$2.60 which was a lot of money then. I stopped at Bert's place, a friend of mine who runs a tourist camp and gas station, and told him to fill her up and I knew I was going to have some money left.

"Where are you going, Dutch" he asked me. "Oh," I said, "I might make a round trip to Lillooet, Gang Ranch, and then to Williams Lake and back." This was mostly on the back roads.

I thought I might just as well start selling now, as I needed to increase my capital and feel more secure for the country invasion with my ancient vehicle. I carried a line of ladies' housedresses, etc., and Bert told me to come in the house and show the women folks some of these dresses and see if I had anything to fit his spouse who was in the corpulent class. After friendly morning greetings I brought in my goods and made a sale total profit 80 cents, and I got Bert's wife in my support to get him a new suit (under his heavy protest as he did not need it, etc.) However he could not stand the whole family supporting me and he surrendered to the sale and I took his measurements and added another \$4.00 to my capital, being the commission on this deal. But just a minute! The old trading spirit got hold of Bert and me before surren-

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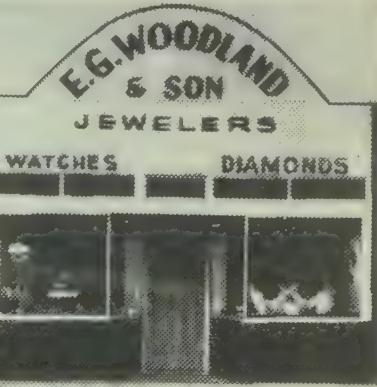
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dering cash on this transaction, and it all ended up by me receiving \$1.00 cash, the gas bill paid, a tube with patching material for the tires, and a chicken which I could pick up on my way back home. This was not bad for a start. My capital had increased by enough gas for long mileage and a chicken for Sunday when I returned home.

After my cup of coffee of which you swallow gallons in this country, I departed for the unknown. The weather looked fairly good and my roadhorse kicked on all four and I had plenty of fresh air as the curtains would never remain in place and the Cariboo air gushed in from all sides, the more vicious according to the abilities of speed of my vehicle.

My next few stops meant a renewal of friendships over a cup of coffee with some ranchers, but no sales. Then I approached a rancherie where I knew the Indian chief who had dealt with me before and I was invited to show some housedresses to the womenfolk who all surrounded my car, giggling and talking. I unpacked some of the most suitable dresses. The chief was the buyer and he never asked the women what they would like; he simply took the dresses from me, hung them out between his hands, grumbled "How much?" (Size did not seem to bother him.) "Oh," I'd say, "this red one \$1.40." "Huh, Mary will like," he would say and would hand it to some woman. "Huh, allright me take."

He bought four dresses for the most deserving squaws I suppose, who were very happy and laughing and ran into the house to try them on. When they returned with the new dresses on, all of them needed altering as size 16 was hung on size 20 and vice versa, but that raised no objection from the chief as he explained to them something in Indian which I could not understand.

I also had a few boxes with ladies'

under garments and I thought this was the opportune moment to bring them out. The chief picked up the panties and roared with laughter. When he showed them around the females joined in the turmoil, but he really took the cake when he hung one little pantie in front of himself and jumped around; he was a great big fat man, I guess he weighed about 250 pounds. He had us all hilarious making this war dance. Then to my astonishment he picked up a brassiere. "What for Huh?" he asked, "Maybe big mask?" As he tried to adjust it for his eyes I pretty near died laughing and I had to whisper in his ear what the article was used for. He looked at me unbelieving and said, "White women crazy." So I made no sale there.

Then came my claim of settlement of this sale, and he said sadly "No catchum that much money," which I expected. "How much catchum?" I asked him. He went into the house and after a pow-wow with the women he handed me 3 dollars and 40 cents. He still owed me 2 dollars and 60 cents. He said "You good man. You catchum next time." I told him that I was a poor man like himself and asked if he had any salmon which we could trade for this balance. He beamed and told me that he had a whole barrel full salted away, and also some smoked salmon. I ended up by accepting half a sack full of nice salted and dripping salmon, and deposited the smelling affair in the back of my car as far away from my samples and other goods as possible. We parted with a friendly handshake, and the chief patted me on the back saying "You good friend, make heap big business." This last I doubted when I smelled the salmon in the back of the car.

Noon was now approaching, and my tummy was in line for some nourishment. My vehicle groaned to a stop at the next place which was also a friend of mine, and I hit the dinner table

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just in time and enjoyed a good meal (free of charge) and it kind of looked cruel to me to try and sell him something new, but he was in the market for a pair of riding boots and I received an additional commission of 3 dollars for my part in the transaction and I dropped two-bits of that in the kiddies' bank and gave him a salmon. This made the family beam with appreciation till I handed the smelly affair to him but he kept it and put it in an old shed back of the house. I never found out if he ate it or not. They wanted me to stay over and see the boys that night as he was sure some of them would be in the market for a new suit of clothes. He overpowered me with his approach, so here it was only noon and this was no time to stop selling, but with visions of making good that night I decided to stay. "What are you going to do this afternoon?" I asked John. "Oh," he said, "I'm going to take a ride over to the lake and look over some of the fence." So we saddled a couple of his horses and had a great afternoon riding around swapping stories and building up the Cariboo, and we gave the local

member of parliament H---. We always tackle them in these parts. I think that is on account of the road conditions mostly, and a few grievances us folks always had and had nobody else to pick on.

The boys (three of them) arrived after we got back to the ranch, and we all sat down to a great supper, as can only be supplied on the ranches in the interior. The cowboys are always full of fun, and I was immediately tackled as their new prospect. As for this night, two of the boys said they might be in the market for, as they called it, 'new rags'; but they were in a teasing mood and I had to promise to help them milk a certain cow and only then would they consider a deal with me. I smelled a rat, as I had milked some of these ranch-dogies before, but I told them it was a deal and we all departed for the barn where 2 cows were standing in their stalls and I was directed to my victim. I made the necessary approach as smooth as I knew how, expecting hoofs etc. to strike at me, but nothing happened, and to the disappointment of my pals I milked the critter without any mishap



A mid-winter fire at 30 below zero. The Elks Hall at Williams Lake, B.C. It burned to the ground - a total loss despite valiant efforts to save it. Hydrants were frozen.

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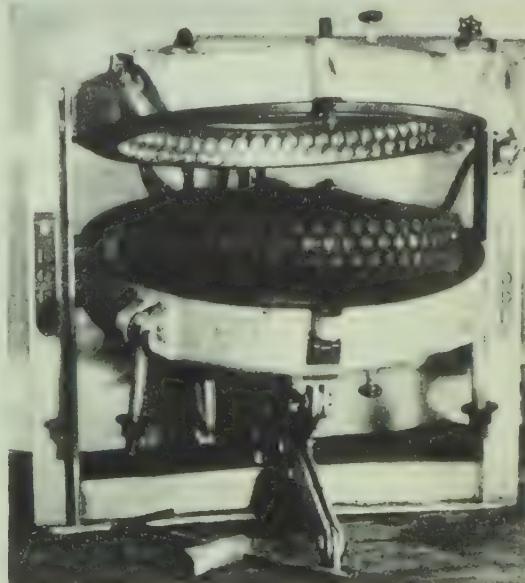
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outside of a few nervous twitches and tail-slapping, so I do not know even today if the old cow liked me or what, as they told me she was a corker.

"Say, Fred," one of the boys by the name of Ike asked me, "did you bring your windjammer-pianoaccordion? "Sure, Ike. That always goes with me." And so, loaded with my bedroll, samples and accordion, we made for the bunkhouse. We lit the coal-oil lamp and proceeded with the business. I fixed two of the boys up with an order for a new suit. One paid me cash, \$4.00 commission; but Ike belonged to the broke class. The boys them days only earned about from 15 to 25 dollars and keeps per month. So we started to talk trade for the commission he owed me and I ended up with a nice pair of oil-tanned chaps made by Ike himself. Out had to come my accordion and as one of the kids had a guitar we had some real hillbilly music with our feet keeping time dangling out of the sleepingbunks. The music and singing brought the rancher, John, and his wife and their two daughters to the bunkhouse, so they shoved the old wobbly table to the side and the little crowd danced and sang as the happiest people in the world---taking chances on the rough board floor of getting slivers in their feet. We wound up early, as ranch life starts with the coming of the sun, and all departed for the house except us four boys.

Ike suggested a little game of poker so he would have a chance to get his chaps back, but he got no support as we all felt tired . . . not too tired, though, when Archie dug out a partly filled bottle of whiskey, which we consumed passing it from bunk to bunk telling each other episodes of ranch life etc. The voices were getting fainter and fainter, except for Ike, who kept talking about his escapades in town; probably he hugged the bottle a little longer in the dark....till somebody told him to quit yapping and silence set in. I dozed off comfortably after this good days work, and the moon was shining softly on my feather bed (straw 2 feet long), and under the strains of a lonely coyote yapping in the backhills, I fell asleep. I woke up well rested under

a commotion of yells and curses as the boys were getting into their boots ready for another days work.

We had to pull Ike out of his bunk, and he even tried to continue his sleep on the rough floor, but a pair of helpful boots got him to his feet. After an ice-cold wash on the porch, and drying on a smelly substitute for a towel, we went to the house for a breakfast of canned fruit, fresh fried pork, and all the fried eggs we wanted. About 15 minutes later the boys galloped out of the yard, and I said good-bye to my friends with many thanks for their hospitality.

After fooling around with coils and various other insides of my vehicle, I got it started and departed for my days work further into the interior of the Cariboo. I spent ten days out on this trip, ate and slept with friends, and slept one night under a fir tree by a little creek, where I caught a nice mess of brook trout which I fried for supper and the next morning's breakfast. Besides, on this trip, there was no end to fixing the hoofs of my roadsteed. (I mean fixing tires.)

I obtained an engagement for my orchestra to play the next week-end at a dance for the regular monthly get-together of ranchers in the district. This particular dance hall was on the top of a mountain and I will explain about this later.

I arrived home safely with an additional capital of some 40 dollars, one chicken, one pair of chaps..more grub than I started out with.. Oh, Ja, the fish! Well, I was lucky enough to trade that all off for other items. This trip was in the latter part of summer and the weather was fine, but I made similar trips in the winter when roads were blocked with snow, and my open vehicle did not give much protection against the weather and the snow drove into the car sometimes and covered the leather cushion I was sitting on, and I prayed then that nothing would happen to my ancient car as I did not favor sleeping outdoors in the lonesome jack-pines, but I was forced sometimes to spend the night out, or walk to the shelter of a ranchhouse if one was close by.

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and nobody minded a little hardship to get it, but nobody really had any money, but we were happy and we got along fine in the old Cariboo somehow. After arriving home from such trips we usually had jam-sessions (a gathering of the orchestra) with a group of friends and we always made a great night out of these sessions...sing songs, dances and a good midnight lunch to finish off.

The dance engagement I picked up on my trip was on a Saturday night, which dances usually lasted till dawn Sunday morning, so I rounded up my gang with their instruments...the drums filling up half the car, then accordion, banjo, violin and guitar. We had to prepare to face the unknown also on these trips, as sometimes we travelled as far as 100 to 150 miles. This occasion was only fifty miles, but it was raining and we left early (3:30 in the afternoon) to have time to overcome unforeseen obstacles on the bad road, or the car might even collapse anytime under the mixed load of musicians and their instruments. We got uncomfortably wet through the various openings in the roof and the sides of the car, but we kept up our good spirits, and after a few battles with mudholes and little hills we made the foot of the mountain (on top of which was the amusement hall) and what a mountain...very narrow road with switchbacks, and mud up to your neck...but if a man could manipulate his car in the ruts, he had a good chance of escaping a dive over the edge which would be a good 1000 feet down to the Fraser river.

At the bottom of this last danger dash to the mountain top was a little store and hotel where they served meals, so we refreshed ourselves and all took a little swig out of our standby, so we would have more courage. Ah well, all good Cowboy orchestras packed this with them for revival. By this time the rain had stopped, and with much advice from the store-keeper, we made the last obstacle, with the help of the orchestra crew to shove and push...the old Model T was just the goat to climb these mountains.

Most of the customers for this dance had to come the same way, and sometimes I wondered how they got home

after some of these hectic mountain gatherings, but when the dance was over, everybody departed happy, and for the next half hour you could hear them as they all left for home in various directions with yells and whoops. They all got down the mountain somehow, either by car, horseback, or even the old-fashioned buggie.

We had a few hours to spare before the dance would start, so we wandered around the ranch, which was a big place, and the dance hall was in the main dining-room of the ranchhouse. We had a free supper with the ranch crew which is included in our price, and a little later the people started to arrive. Some came as far as 60 miles by car, or 25 miles on horseback, and they were all well equipped with refreshments, and I had to guard my musicians so that they would not be too happy before they got started, and they had thoughts of being as good as Guy Lombardy or somebody big in the line of musicians.

The dance started about 8 o'clock and we really got wound up, and at any time past 12 o'clock I thought I was going to die with blisters on my fingertips from playing the accordion, but our friends looked after us, and after passing around the refreshments we were as good as new again. This jamboree consisted of a whirling mass of about 150 people dancing with scraping cowboy-boots, singing and whooping it up in a real friendly Cariboo manner. Sometimes I had a hunch they did not need an orchestra, as the noise they made put the orchestra into oblivion, and a big bass drum could have done the job just as well by itself. We had the occasional rest, as somebody wanted to settle an old fued between ranchers and their friends, and this was always settled in a gentlemanly manner outside the hall, and only fists were used. The crowd would hold a flashlight on the combatants. Sometimes I took the whole orchestra outside and played a suitable tune for the warriors. After these changes in the program everybody goes back in the hall, and the dance would continue till everybody was played out, including us, which means that it would last till break of day, around 7 or 8 o'clock. We also had

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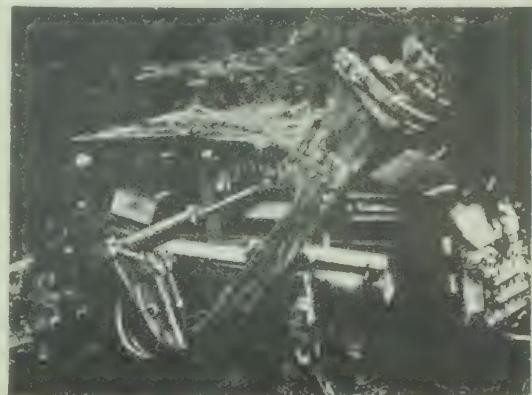
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regular stops for lunch to gather strength for the balance of the night, and one incident comes to my mind that I would like to tell you about. We were consuming gallons of coffee which is brewed in a big boiler, and were all praising the coffee for how good it was, and it really was good coffee. Well, an old bachelor was in the crowd having a good time with his cronies, but when he was ready to depart he could not find his old cap, which was a relic with fur-lined ear-flaps. The old cap was in good shape, he explained, after many years of wear and well stained with sweat from all the long use...and you know where we found this ancient head ornament! When we drained the coffee boiler, here it was, all in one piece and really cooked clean! No wonder the coffee had a special flavor...a few of us had to go outside and deposit our lunch and coffee on some of the ranch's soil, after finding out what had been consumed.

We usually sat down for a while when everybody had departed for the home-stretch, and we got some fresh coffee (without fur-pieces) and lunch, and settled with the committee and got our pay. This was usually 5 dollars a piece (expenses not deducted as yet). We were a little tired after only 11 to 12 hours playing; our rears were sore from sitting so long on a chair; our voices were a little cracked from singing and calling squares, and most

of us would not feel any too good after consuming mixtures of mountain brews, GOOD COFFEE, and lunches, but that was all in a hillbilly musicians life. And did we not make five dollars a piece? and that was real money in them days.

We usually made our trips home safely as the orchestra trusted me in my driving. I knew all the roads like a book. If it was not too cold they would doze off to sleep, in all kinds of positions, bumping their tired heads on each others' shoulders, and as I looked at them I was proud of them, especially old Ernie, who was getting along to 55 years, and the best of all. I glanced at him many a time when his tired head would bump up and down as he was sleeping in the back of the bouncing Model T, and his walrus moustache would fly up and down with his escaping gasps of breath.

We arrived home again about noon, and I would deliver them to their various homes, and we would get friendly greetings from the village folks who would always enquire how the shindig went, etc.

My wife and I would not take long to get to sleep and wake up again after a good rest to resume our eventful life again with the new day, and looking forward to travelling and meeting old friends again...and making new ones.



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## The BEAVER

by Ernie Holmes

Provincial Game Warden

Most of the old beaver dams and ponds once occupied by beavers from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans are long since dried up and plowed under. As a boy on the prairies I remember the long since deserted dams which were visible then as crooked ridges of earth piled up at dried-up pond outlets and across small creeks that were dry except during the spring freshets.

To find beavers now one must go far into the backwoods, and even then it is only to find the odd colony at wide-spread intervals, where trappers have left them to increase, or where they have escaped the path of man, for man is the beavers' worst predator and has scoured the country for the precious pelts since white man first came to the shores of North America from the old world.

In the old days of fur-trading the Hudson's Bay Company would trade a rifle with a very long barrel for as many pelts from beavers as made a stack as high as the total length of the rifle, but today a blanket, as the large skins are called, will fetch enough cash to buy a moderate priced gun itself.

In British Columbia beavers are still found in small numbers and in some places large numbers throughout the province, but more so in the Cariboo and northern parts. Beavers have been protected in this province by a system of registered traplines and frequent inspections by game wardens of beaver colonies on each trapline with a view to controlling catches. This system has proven very efficient where cooperation from the trapper has been obtained and it appears that beaver are holding their own pretty well over the province.



Along about 1925-26 a Game Reserve was established near Barkerville in the Cariboo district with a view to preserving the beavers and other game animals therein. The area covers some 245 square miles of swamp land and towering rugged mountains ranging up to 7 and 8 thousand feet, surrounded by an almost continuous chain of lakes and streams in many instances connected so that one can go by canoe or boat for near a hundred miles with some short portages in between.

Most of the area is drained by the Bowron river which is the home of most of the beaver population. Grizzly bear, moose and black bear are very numerous in the reserve. Pacific salmon also spawn in the upper waters of Bowron river.

Since 1932 the B.C. Game Commission have been trapping some of the beavers alive each year and distributing them in other parts for restocking traplines and damming watersheds. Although this has been carried on in a small way it has proven of value especially in conserving water for irrigation and creating more waterfowl feeding places as well as improving fishing conditions.

The beavers are caught in the month of August. A steel frame and wire mesh basket trap is used, called 'The Bailey Trap,' which is the name of the inventor. The animals are caught without injury this way and are then transferred to a sheet-metal shipping box and held in pens until enough are on hand for shipping.

It is very difficult to determine the sex of a beaver without close scrutiny, and it is no easy job to hang on to a 40 or 50 pound squirming beaver with long, sharp teeth. Usually four are shipped together in separate boxes



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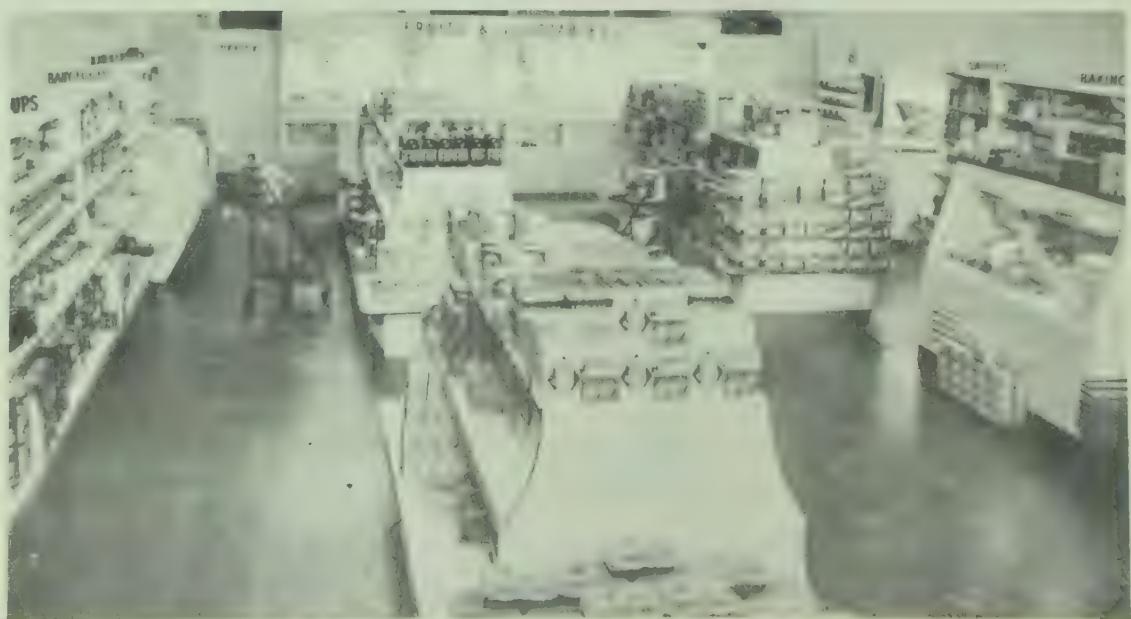
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and liberated in the same area, insuring a favourable balance of sexes.

The Bowron Lake Game Reserve, where this propagation is carried out, is the only such place in the province at present where beavers are caught and liberated elsewhere, but it is hoped that in future times more of such beneficial game conservation will be done wherever conditions permit, to save the fast-disappearing beavers from our Canadian streams and forests.

For anyone who has a suitable location and a good supply of poplar timber close by for feed, it would be well to try fur-farming beavers in an enclosed small lake or creek area. There must be some running water where they can dam up the water to maintain levels to protect their houses and food caches during the long winter months. Beavers will seldom remain long, if at all, in a stagnant, small lake where there is neither inlet or outlet the year round.

Poplar is the choicest food for beavers, the bark being the only part eaten. Willow, alders and birch are used too, and occasionally spruce or firs will be cut down but seldom used other than for house building or for dams.

The writer has investigated beaver houses during the late summer months and found them occupied by both beavers and muskrats, the latter using the small tunnels and holes too small for the beavers to occupy. There is no reason to believe they would not do well together on an enclosed place if the conditions were suitable as to location and feed conditions.

There are between three and four hundred listed fur farms in British Columbia, and from the list I have there is not one engaged in raising beavers, or muskrats for that matter, in an enclosed area which would then be classified as a fur farm. Most of the fur farms are mink and foxes; some are marten and fisher; all of the above have to be penned and hand-fed with special rations, while the beaver can be fed nature's food in a natural state with far less danger of disease. It is claimed by writers who have studied beavers and muskrats that they seldom have sickness of any kind in their natural state, and that losses of muskrats in pens was mostly due to



improper feeding. Beaver raising in pens is still in the experimental stage, and very little is known about them generally speaking, but raising either beavers or muskrats in pens would not be a paying venture unless they were sold only for breeding stock at higher than pelt values.

I have been told by a few trappers that beavers have a pair of young or two pair, and not odd numbers, such as one to five. That information is not correct. Most trappers when trapping in the spring for pelts try to avoid trapping females, but usually get one or two in the seasons catch, or more sometimes. Quite often they make an investigation to see what loss they have caused by catching a female carrying young, and according to many I have questioned on this matter, they have found anywhere from one to five unborn young ones, but usually three or four.

Beavers, like other animals, have parasites on them in the wild state, though not all of them do at the same time. I have found none at all on some animals and lots on others. The beaver lice, or whatever they are called, are smaller than a wood-tick and much more active; reddish brown in color.

The saying "Working like a beaver" evidently comes from the actions of a colony of them when they start a logging contract. I have seen a grove of poplar trees, ranging in size from two inches at the butt, to a foot thick, cut down and lying in all directions with only the tops and branches removed.

The same outfit would probably desert the site completely the following spring and not a beaver take over for two or three years for some unexplained reason. Some think a beaver house be-



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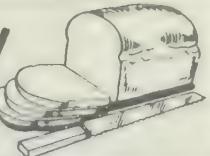
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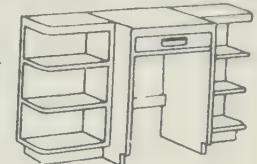
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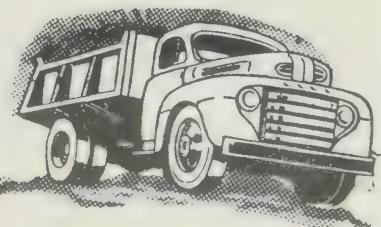
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comes too over-populated with lice during the winter, and others say a pair of aggressive otters come along to take over. Others blame poachers for the sudden empty houses. I have seen it happen in many cases right after the ice has gone and know it was not a trapper's fault. They just seem to like wandering in the spring.

The cache of food, which is just a sunken brush pile near the beaver house, quite often runs out before spring, and the beavers have to go ashore for more if they are able to escape from under the ice. Sometimes they fall prey to a coyote or wolf hanging around for just such a chance after the signs have been discovered earlier. Other times the beavers will cut part of the dam out under the ice and allow the water level to drop a foot or so, and then they go to shore under the ice and cut feed along the sides.

Muskrats have up to three litters of young in one season, but not the beavers. They have one family each season, the young taking several

years to reach the 'blanket' stage. A full grown female is quite often as big as the male. Dark fur is the choice of buyers, but size is what really counts.

Young beavers are born in May or June, and suckle the mother which has four nipples only, under the forward part of the body. Young beavers are seldom seen until past mid-summer when they are out foraging more for themselves. They continue to live with the parent animals for at least two years under normal conditions. The large houses sometimes contain several families at one time, being divided into as many compartments as required. It is no trouble for them to cut out a new bedroom when over-crowding takes place, and houses have several under-water exits for convenience and safety.

The beavers save the water with their dams, making ponds and sloughs for fish and waterfowl to feed and rest in. They store up water for irrigation in the dry-belts. Where you find beavers you will find green forests and other animal life, bird life and fish.

Protect him! He is YOUR friend.



"Well, what was it Bill said in front of Mildred that made you feel so small?"

# Let's Hear BOTH Sides

by Eric Collier



If, in a Court of Justice, the Twelve Wise Men and True were presented only with Prosecution's side of the case many an innocent man might have been unjustly condemned. And in a land where only one political party is allowed to present its program before the people you have Dictatorship; with all the consequent mismanagement and decay that follows. Which all goes to prove the wisdom of that ancient adage "There are always two sides to any one question."

There have been moments throughout the long and transitional history of the world, when that world has perhaps emerged the better because it has been afforded the opportunity of hearing from Pro and hearing from Con. DISPUTE, ARGUMENT, HONEST CRITICISM--- put them in a vessel, stir thoroughly (boil if necessary) lift the lid and there, perhaps, you'll find TRUTH.

In this issue of Cariboo Digest, I. P. Callison has something fresh to say concerning a somewhat stale subject. If you read this article (of Mr. Callison's) with the care and attention for detail that the subject matter warrants you will hear from Argument, smell Dispute, flavour Criticism. But Truth? Well now, Mr. Callison has given you the basic ingredients; and sprinkled them not too heavily with Fact. All you have to do is lift the lid of the vessel, flavour the aroma and decide whether the brew contains Truth.

Much has been written concerning that aggravating (and somewhat latent) matter: Predation. Some by those who know their subject, some by those who think they know; and alas! some by those who know nothing at all. Some write for monetary reward, others are

prompted by fanatical urge to somehow keep aloft the threadbare, outworn standard which is to them the one banner and the only one. Perish the thought that that banner might be trampled into the dust and a new ensign floated in the breeze in its place.

Then there is he who writes, unprompted by dollars and cents, indifferent to pre-conceived theory, suspicious of necromantic wizardry. He writes not altogether that he hates Predation but because he has a warm, generous sympathy for that form of life upon which Predation fattens. As one might write of the sheer futility and needless suffering of human warfare.

He writes because he abhors unnecessary waste; because his own common sense tells him that the healthy moose or cariboo killed by the wolves and left lying uneaten and otherwise untouched has been needlessly sacrificed to serve no useful purpose.

He writes because he, in his time, has witnessed the depletion of so much of the game herds native to the North American Continent; because he believes that if we are going to retain the remnants of those herds and, at the same time, expect them to render us service as commercial assets, to provide us with that form of recreation we call sport, WE MUST RID OUR GAME PASTURES OF THOSE PREDATORY ANIMALS WHICH PRESENT US WITH SUCH LASCIVIOUS COMPETITION.

Thus writes I. P. Callison who, on page 33 of this issue challenges the theorems, the facts and the deductions of Dr. McTaggart Cowan, Scientific Advisor to the B.C. Game Commission.



# The TIMBER WOLF

In the Rocky Mountain National Parks of Canada

A Critique - by I. P. CALLISON

Author of "Wolf Predation in the North Country," "Are Bears Photogenic," contributor to Field and Stream and other top U.S. outdoor publications.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Dominion Wild Life Service of Canada has been kind enough to send the writer a copy of Dr. Ian McTaggart Cowan's recent treatise, "The Timber Wolf in the Rocky Mountain National Parks of Canada." For the information of the reader, Dr. Cowan is professor of Zoology, University of B.C. He is also Special Advisor to the B.C. Game Commission and presumably undertakes assignments for the Dominion Wild Life Service.

Although it has been suggested that I review the treatise I frankly admit that the task is undertaken with a measure of trepidation. Dr. Cowan is not only a noted scientist but is also one of the leading protagonists of the balance-of-nature theory. It is here that our beliefs or our philosophies, if you will, sharply differ. Among other things the balance theory holds that the wolf serves as a culling agent. Weeding out the unfit among the various species of game, thus assuring the survival of a virile race and breed. It also holds that predation is necessary to prevent other creatures of the wilderness from multiplying to the point where the food supply will be dangerously depleted. This, it is contended, may result in ultimate extermination through starvation of the species of wild game in such overgrazed areas.

At the risk of being considered blasphemous I must take issue not only with the good Doctor's conclusions but with some of his alleged facts. Among the latter the most trite and shopworn are these:

1. That the wolf serves as a culling agent.
2. The validity of alleged census of wolves in Jasper Park.
3. The utterly irrational comparison of conditions in wolf-free and wolf-inhabited areas.

## REVIEW

May I point out that the over-all presentation follows the usual pattern. Starting from pre-conceived notions the purpose seems to be to mold the alleged facts to fit these preconceptions. Frankly, the writer is at a loss to understand the blind devotion of the balance-theorists to an obvious heresy. If the theory ever had a measure of validity it has been completely nullified by the impact of modern civilization.

Throughout the document runs the thread of the theory that wolves act as cullers, that their chief source of food is the diseased, the aged and the unfit. For example, on page 166 the author states that "there are indications that predator pressure is

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not removing all the seriously weakened animals. In April and May of each year I have found several senile deer so weakened from parasite infestation and malnutrition that they were incapable of running. These animals would certainly have been eliminated had the predator pressure been heavy."

Again discussing his study of elk remains (on page 170) the author concludes: "It is incontrovertible . . . that the mature category is contributing to a greater degree than would be expected if the losses were confined largely to the cull classes."

Pointing out that 50% of the elk stock could be considered surplus and "theoretically highly liable to predation", the author makes this significant admission: "The elk population is suffering a relatively heavy loss in the prime age classes." (page 173-174)

Like Dr. Murie in his "Wolves of Mount McKinley", Dr. Cowan classifies the young with the old and diseased, the three making up the "cull" class. His own figures disclose the significance of this classification. His entire collection of summer wolf scats was from calf remains and more than half the winter scats fell in the same class. Calf elk appeared in 50% of the summer scats. As regards Big-horn sheep, he says: "Losses to the sheep population . . . are confined largely to the young and old or diseased groups."

One wonders how the balance theorists arrive at their conclusions. From the day the first settler landed in America with his small but precious herds of livestock up to the demise of the last wolf on the western ranges the normal healthy wolf invariably sought out the young, the healthy and fat members of the herd. There is a mass of historical evidence that attests the truth of this statement. It is confirmed by the unanimous testimony of stockmen during their long and costly battle with the wolf on the western ranges. It is attested by every experienced woodsman in the North Country today. It is also confirmed by a number of competent biologists, notably Stanley Young in his exhaustive study, "Wolves of North America."

Here is Young's statement on this subject: "An opinion held by many present-day game conservationists is that one of the outstanding roles which predators play in the complex predator-game relationship is the removal, by killing for food, of weakened individuals of the prey species. Predators are assured, therefore, through a process of selection, to improve the agility and vitality of herds of deer and other big game. It is assumed that a wolf, for instance, seeks out as its prey the puniest and weakest of the species because of the ease by which it may be attacked and killed. However, the hundreds of observations made and citations left us by other observers do not in any way bear out the foregoing contentions. In the heyday of the North American wolf it was common knowledge that these animals invariably killed some of the healthiest, choicest, and fattest steers in the herd. These ranged in age from long yearlings up to four-year-olds. Nor is there any evidence that when once wolves entered a herd of cattle they purposely sought out the weakest as their prey."

Perhaps the most vulnerable of Dr. Cowan's findings is that which purports to present a census of the wolves in Jasper Park over a period of four years, 1942-46. This, it appears, is one of the favorite pastimes of the "scientists". It is no trick, it seems, for these seers to tell off the exact numbers of wolves resident in thousands of square miles of wild, rugged, largely unexplored terrain. It is indeed amazing with what assurance and with what finality the figures are presented.

The process obviously involves a measure of necromancy and a bit of crystal gazing. These boys can wave a wand or give a look in the crystal ball and tell right off the bat the exact number of *Canis Lupus* (wolf) in any given area. It was aptly put by a writer in a recent issue of a Canadian sports magazine. Discussing this very subject in a facetious mood the writer remarked: "Professor So and So arrived at Park headquarters late last night and on arising early this morning was able to tell us the exact number of wolves within the Park

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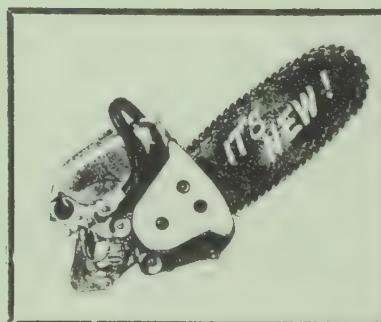
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boundaries." The crystal gazing powers of the theorists is a standing joke among practical outdoorsmen in the North Country.

Counting the wolves in a given primitive area is like playing the proverbial skin game. Now you see it, now you don't. An actual count, one that could be verified and depended on, is obviously impossible. Even an approximate count cannot be made with any assurance of accuracy. First, their sharp eyes, keen sense of smell and alertness enable the wolves to discover the presence of the census taker and avoid him before the latter has a chance to see them. Second, they stir abroad mainly at night while the proverbial census taker is snoozing. Third, they are here today and somewhere else tomorrow. Aside from the short denning period required to nurture the young to the state where they are strong enough to accompany their elders the wolf has no home. He follows the game - his food supply - wherever that may lead him. Thus the wolves may be in the census area today, outside the census area tomorrow, or vice versa.

The futility of taking a wolf census in any considerable primitive area is conclusively shown by the few attempts on record. In 1939 Cahalane, biologist of the United States Park Service, stated that there were 105 wolves in McKinley Park. Less than twelve months later, Dr. Murie, biologist of the Fish and Wildlife Service, careful to give himself plenty of room for error, gave the number at 40 to 60. In 1936 Dr. C. H. D. Clarke estimated the number of wolves in the Canadian Barren Lands at 36,000. This figure was based on reports received from "a barren land trapper of wide experience known as one of the best wolfers in the country!" During April and May 1948 a survey from the air of 50,000 square miles of this same area found only 31 wolves! Number of square miles per wolf: Dr. Clarke 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Air Survey 1613!

In his try at census taking in McKinley Park Dr. Murie found less than half the numbers found by Cahalane some twelve months earlier. It should be pointed out here that the chance for an accurate count in McKinley Park

is infinitely greater than is the case in Jasper Park. The area inhabited by the sheep, to which Murie's studies were confined, is small--actually only a few square miles--and the terrain is quite open, timbered only along the streams. On the other hand Dr. Cowan's count is alleged to have covered the whole of Jasper Park, 4200 square miles. Furthermore, Jasper is extremely rugged and most of the area is heavily timbered. Most amazing is the vast difference between the count of Dr. Clarke and that of the airplane census taker. The latter found but one wolf where the former found a hundred!

There is ample evidence at hand to show that Dr. Cowan's alleged count is likewise wide of the mark. During the fiscal year 1946 Alberta paid bounties on 1286 wolves. The area of the province is 248,800 square miles. On a conservative basis it would be safe to assume that not over a third of the area is seriously infested by wolves. There are few wolves in Alberta south of the Canadian National Railway. For the most part the flat lands east of the Rockies and north of the railway are quite well settled and thus largely wolfless. If our estimate of the size of the infested area be correct the bounty claimed one wolf to each 64 square miles. Cowan puts the total wolf population in Jasper Park at one wolf per 87 to 111 square miles. Thus the kill on which bounty was paid in the wolf-infested area outside the Park accounted for a wolf population 27 to 42% greater than the total number alleged by Cowan to be found in the Park!

Obviously Cowan's figures are absurd. Both logic and the known facts render the conclusion inescapable that the wolf population within the Park is denser than is the case for similar terrain outside the park. It is a wild primitive area practically uninhabited by man. The wolf is undisturbed by his only enemy, man himself. Game and therefore food is abundant. The Park is practically surrounded by wolf inhabited terrain. Thus every condition bespeaks a larger wolf population here than is the case with the wolf-inhabited areas outside but contiguous to the Park.

Even this is not the most fantastic

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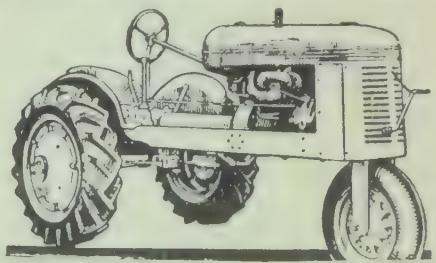
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part of the story. Many wolves were killed for which no bounty was claimed. Some were mortally wounded and never found. Numbers were killed for which the evidence was lost or accidentally destroyed. Natives made numerous kills for which no claim was made, partly due to ignorance, partly to remoteness from bounty officials and partly due to indolence and neglect. Had all kills been reported it would have lowered the terrain per wolf probably to 50 square miles or even less.

Overshadowing every other consideration is this: the actual kills constitute but a minor fraction of the total wolf population in Alberta outside the National Parks. Guides and trappers familiar with every square mile of the area will tell you that the killers appeared to be just as abundant outside the parks at the end as at the beginning of the fiscal year in Alberta. This means that at the beginning of 1946 there was at least one wolf for every 20 square miles in the infested area outside the Parks!

Thus on the basis of Dr. Cowan's figures the wolf population outside the Park was 4 1/3 to 5 1/2 times as dense as the population in the favorable park area!

The most amazing bit of stuff and nonsense is to be found on Page 172. Statistics allegedly compiled from both "wolf-inhabited and wolf-free areas" are here presented. They are asserted to reveal that "there is no discernible significant difference in the survival of the young or in sex ratios in the two groups." The comparison is, of course, meaningless. It is impossible for the layman to understand how any reasonable man could be induced to expose himself to attack by presenting figures so absurd as a basis for "scientific" conclusions. One can only conclude that Dr. Cowan is either blinded by his own ultra fanaticism or has an unbelievably low opinion of the intelligence of the public to whom he is speaking.

The conclusions are absurd for a number of very obvious reasons: first, and most important, even if the figures are authentic there is not one scintilla of evidence presented to prove that they were obtained under condi-

tions absolutely identical in the two areas under comparison. Climate, terrain, quantity and types of available food, environment, the physical condition and the stamina of the adults--every factor must be identical if the figures are to have any significance whatever. Since such identical conditions are nowhere to be found it becomes axiomatic that the comparison is without meaning.

To the practical man the thing is simply ridiculous. What would you think of the sanity of a man who would tell you that survival would be as great in a chicken pen with a bunch of weasels or skunks as in another without them, or in your sheep corral with a flock of wolves or a band of coyotes as in a corral without them?

Nor is this all. Like most of the "scientists" with whom the writer has come in contact Dr. Cowan completely ignores or overlooks the incidental and collateral effects of the presence of any considerable wolf population on wild game survival. The only kills the Doctor can see are the kills made for food. Yet every practical conservationist knows that the kills for food are small compared with kills resulting from the presence of wolves on the winter feeding grounds of grass eaters and browsers and kills made "just for the hell of it." In the cold north country large numbers of wild game, constantly harassed and denied access to their normal feeding grounds by the killers, die of starvation. These are just as surely the victims of the predators as are those actually killed for food. Many more fall victims to the wolf's terrific passion for blood letting. Read Young and Goldman's "Wolves of North America", Wildlife Institute, Washington, D.C.

If any area in the Rocky Mountain parks are actually overgrazed--a point which Dr. Cowan takes great pains to emphasize--human intelligence should be able to solve the problem more effectively than entrusting the matter to packs of savage and wasteful killers. SURELY IT WOULD BE INFINITELY MORE SENSIBLE TO BUTCHER THE SURPLUS AND GIVE THE MEAT TO THE POOR RATHER THAN FEED IT TO PACKS OF BLOODTHIRSTY BRUTES!

Throughout the treatise one can read

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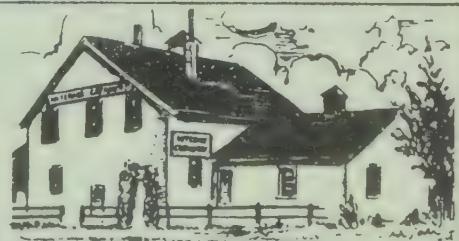
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between the lines the holier-than-thou and wiser-than-thou attitude--an attitude characteristic of most, if not all of the mine-run type of "scientist". Facts presented and conclusions drawn by the laymen are, ipso facto, not so. Only those facts dug up by the "scientist" or an under-study are really facts and only his conclusions are valid. An apt illustration of this attitude is to be found on Page 158: "One guide even went so far as to state his opinion that (in certain areas) the grizzlies are so constantly harried by wolves that they forsake the region for others containing fewer wolves. No factual basis for such an opinion has been advanced by anyone." In the circumstances one can well agree with Job. Replying to his tormentors he remarked: "No doubt ye are the people and when ye die wisdom will die with you!"

If Dr. Cowan will read my treatise, "Wolf Predation in the North Country" he will find such an instance presented by Roy Hargreaves, P.O. Mt. Robson. In answer to my questionnaire he said in part: "I have not seen a cub bear for five years. The wolves have killed every one in this district. We used

to be able to see ten or twelve sows and cubs every day in the spring from our house and now there isn't a cub left." On a trip into the Talkeetna Mountains, Alaska, some years ago, Oscar Vogel, my guide, stated that he had never seen a grizzly cub in the area though he had seen at least 50 adults. Having trapped the area for ten years he should know.

In view of the obviously erroneous conclusions on the food habits of the wolf, the clear miscalculations as to numbers and the absurdity of the alleged comparison between wolf-inhabited and wolf-free areas, the Doctor's statement that there was no increase in the wolf population during the period of his study must be taken with several grains of salt. For the same reasons his final conclusion that "the wolves are not detrimental to the park game herds", having little or no factual foundation, is unsound and illogical. One thing is certain, the treatise will contribute nothing to the conservation of wildlife in Canada's Rocky Mountain Parks or elsewhere. On the contrary it will encourage official inaction.



## The Heavenward Trail

Sometimes I long for heaven  
And mebbe I might fail  
Because I'm just a cowboy  
Upon a lonely trail...  
A lonely trail that wanders  
To heaven knows just where,  
Across the purple sageland  
Towards a sunset fair,  
Toward the gathering darkness  
Into the gloomy night,  
But if I ride on, trusting,  
I'll find my heav'n all right.

But tho' I'm old and weary  
I'll hope that in the end  
The Paradise I'm seeking  
Is just around the bend  
Where bunch grass there grows knee-high  
And water cannot fail  
When I have crossed the Great Divide  
And hit the Last Lone Trail.  
Oh God, don't be impatient,  
Just try to understand  
I'm just a simple cowboy...  
So do not call my hand.

R.D. Cummings.

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# Flood Control

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by C. H. Olds

**B**ritish Columbia has had two disastrous floods since the white man first took over.

The first in 1894 was bad enough. The second in 1948, while the flood waters did not quite reach the level of 1894, was much more disastrous due to the fact that settlement and agricultural development was much more widespread in the areas affected by the rampaging rivers. As is usual after any great calamity, we are experiencing a rash of suggested cures running the gamut from the practical to the impossible.

I say "impossible" because some of the plans suggested are impossible, at present, because to be effective they entail the expenditure of such huge sums of money that it is impossible for our present population and resources to provide the money, and we need to do something now. And that something must be within our financial reach.

Apart from its cost, the plan that seems to be the most effective would be a dam or system of dams, to hold back the spring run-off. Any one with a knowledge of the extent of the Fraser River watershed will know that the area drained by the Fraser is roughly four hundred miles square, with the odd portion reaching beyond that limit. It reaches roughly from Lytton on the South to Takla Lake on the north, and from Big Eutsuk Lake in Tweedsmuir Park on the west to Tete Jaune on the



Beaver-cut trees on shore of pond.

east. Most of this area is above 2500 feet elevation and is heavy snow-fall country. In the spring, the melting snows from this huge area must pour through the Fraser Canyon. In any man-made plan to control this run-off, the first and main dam would have to be located at Lytton or somewhere between Lytton and Hope, with other dams at strategic points further up the main canyon, and the Fraser tributaries. This plan of flood control is possible, say the engineers. But the engineers' job is to draw plans and build the dams. On other shoulders falls the responsibility of finding the money for the job. That is where we, a province with a small population as yet, and limited development of resources, are stuck. We simply have not got the money yet to undertake a plan of effective dams whose cost would run into hundreds of millions of dollars.

From the foregoing, the case for immediate flood control seems to be none too bright, but let us see what other remedy we have up our collective sleeves. Let us go back to the days of the early fur traders, more especially to days one hundred or more years ago when the big traders were reaping fabulous fortunes in furs.

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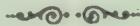
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They found that among our other fur-bearing animals, the beaver, which was here in the Fraser watershed in tens of thousands, was one of the most valuable, due to the fact that the tiny, invisible barbs on his fur made that fur especially suitable for the manufacture of beaver hats. So, after the Indian became more or less dependent on the Fur Companies for at least part of his food and clothing, he was told to go out and get the beaver or else. With the result that we now have only a remnant of the once enormous beaver population. The enormous beaver population was due to the fact that climatic and food conditions in the Fraser watershed, between 2000 and 4000 feet levels, constituted a veritable heaven for beaver. And being the most advanced and industrious engineers of the animal world, they worked like 'beavers' to improve and enlarge on the natural condition. They built ditches, dams, houses, in their thousands and more thousands, ranging in size from a few acres to hundreds of acres.

Imagine this beaver work spread more or less uniformly over an area four hundred miles square, and you get an idea of the enormous amount of water controlled and held in storage by beaver activity. And nearly all of this beaver work is carried on in areas that are above the elevation suitable for farming, i.e., 2500 feet.

Well, why don't we get the beaver back? And if we can get them back in their thousands how long will it take. Let me answer that. However slowly, the beaver are increasing in numbers in the Fraser watershed. Through a system of trapline registrations instituted some years ago by the Game Commission and a law requiring that all beaver pelts be tagged, the unlawful killing of beaver has been checked. But due to the size and inaccessibility of the areas involved, and the shortage of trained game officers, there is still a staggering amount of illegal killing of beaver. Bearing in mind that a beaver is valuable, both for food and fur, he is immediately pounced upon by those whose only thought is for today, with no provisions in mind for the future. Many of the best beaver areas are miles back from transportation, and can only be

reached on foot by a game officer. It is expected that out of our fast climbing wild-life revenues, which for 1948 will be close to one million



Upland meadow made by beaver.

dollars, more game officers will be made available, and that comfortable cabins will be provided in those far out-lying areas for the use of game officers on patrol, so that they may more effectively carry on the very important job of wild-life supervision.

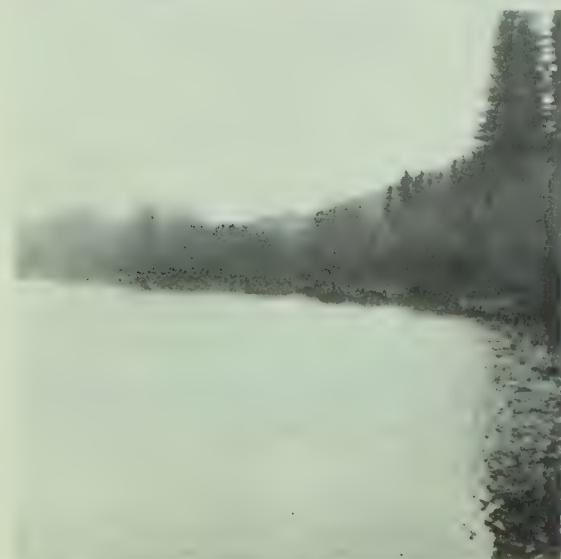
It is also hoped that more predatory animal hunters will be put in the field as according to one of our renowned game scientists, Dr. McTaggart-Cowan, the summer diet of the timber wolf is composed of 25% beaver flesh.

It is not the intention of the writer to convey the idea that the beaver and his work is the complete answer to flood control. We need dykes, dams, reforestation, careful guarding of the present forest from fire and waste. The writer DOES wish to stress the fact that we have NOW the nucleus of a large beaver population whose small numbers should be given all the individual and official protection and encouragement, that is in our power to give, so that they may the sooner regain their original numbers and effectiveness in controlling the spring run-off.

Nor is the beaver and his work limited to flood control. Areas flooded by beaver form a most effective barrier

to the spread of forest fire. Ask the men whose job it is often to battle forest fires in the heat and smoke to the point of exhaustion.

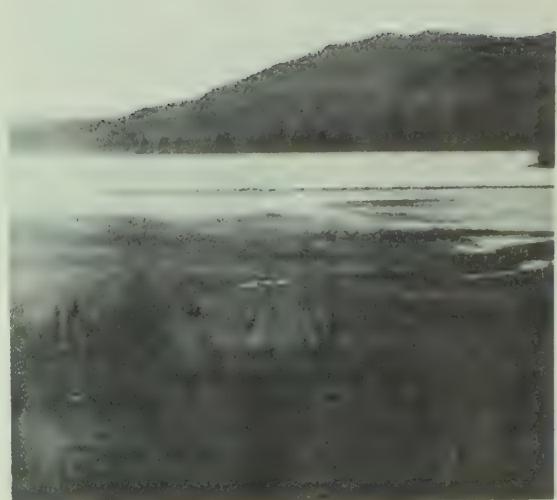
And what do sportsmen find in an area well populated by beaver? They find that the beaver, in making conditions suitable to himself, has created favourable conditions for many other forms of wild life. More and



Spring run-off checked by beaver here.  
There are three beaver-made lakes on  
this water course.



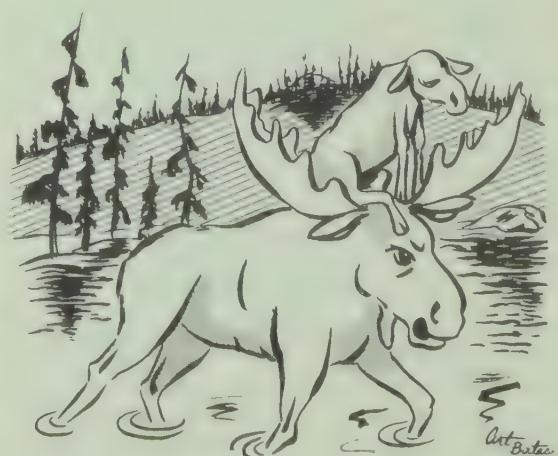
Beaver house in winter.



Flooded by beaver.

bigger trout thrive in beaver dams. Muskrat thrive side by side with the beaver. Water fowl, especially Mallard ducks, use his ponds and flooded areas for feeding and nesting grounds. Much of the summer food of the moose is found thriving on beaver-flooded areas. And to you folks in the lower Fraser Valley, each beaver working on his dam is like an invisible check rein, tugging to hold back the raging river.

We, as citizens of this favoured western province, should be ashamed to pass on to our children the results of carelessness in the conservation of our natural resources. Of which, none is more important than the beaver and his work.



'Silliest thing I ever heard of- afraid  
of water

## The Passing Show . . .

*John A. Fraser*

The whispering of the zephyrs in the Mulberry trees indicate to intelligent political observers that there is in the air not only a certain Provincial Election but also a Federal appeal to the sovereign people of the land.

It might be well to remind the qualified voters that this democratic privilege still remains secure, but that it would not long remain with us if the radicals had the power to paralyze it, as they have done by allowing ONE name only on the Ballot.

In Federal affairs the recently selected leaders of the two outstanding parties have now faced each other across the floor of our deliberative assembly, and I think all will agree that each of them has proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in them by their supporters. However it might be well to remind both of them that policies and not shadow-boxing have in the past won most of the elections. Apparently the Liberals have decided to test the feelings of the country on their past achievements, while the new leader of the Progressive Conservatives evidently proposes to stress a revision of Federal-Provincial relations.

The recently tabled estimates (Federal) do not indicate any reduction of expenditure, which since the war has remained at about four times pre-war.

In this regard it would be well to remember that the situation at the present time assumes much the aspect of conditions prevailing from 1933 to 1938 when the allied countries failed to exert a restraining influence on the axis powers and the situation drifted from bad to worse, to end up in a devastating war. We should therefore not complain too much if our government proceeded with reason-

able expenditures on our defences and military preparedness.

That a Federal Election will be held this year seems to be taken for granted but the argument centres around when that date will be, summer or autumn. My own opinion is that, excluding some unforeseen incident, the Election will be deferred until fall.

It is of course common knowledge that the Returning Officer has been appointed for this Federal Riding, and has already made a preliminary examination of this District in order to properly apply the provisions of the Election Act to this Constituency with regard to the changes in our boundaries and the amended provisions of the Election Act.

The Federal Election Act requires that there shall be a period of approximately 60 days between the issuance of the writ and polling day, which gives ample time for all parties to propound their various policies.

Provincially, it is not surprising that Premier Johnston is also preparing for an election, as any premier feels more secure in furthering his policies when he has behind him a majority support of the electorate as evidenced by a not-too-distant election.

Generally speaking, I think it will be admitted that his policy speech of recent date should appeal to a majority of the voters in the Province of British Columbia. This province is gaining rapidly in population and in order to meet the needs of this increasing population, the Government policies must naturally look to the further development of natural resources to provide employment for this increasing population. Hence the laudable intention of the Government to provide the initial requisite -- "POWER".

The Province is well supplied with sites to develop power and it seems to be the part of wisdom that the premier should carry on and enlarge on the power policy initiated by Premier Hart.

The Public Works Policy as outlined is also of vital importance to this Province, and while this entails heavy expenditures because of the topography of the province, nevertheless it is a

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financial burden which must be carefully weighed and courageously carried out. The haphazard policies of the past must be succeeded by carefully prepared plans for highways that have in mind the greatest good for the greatest number. The first necessity in this regard is a well-selected and thoroughly competent departmental staff of Highway Engineers.

Locally, the decision to complete the P.G.E. to Prince George will not fail to gain support for the coalition. The skeptical still smile and suggest an election dodge, but in my opinion the decision of the premier to proceed with this vital bit of railway construction after one trip to Ottawa is all to the credit of his good judgment after his predecessor had made a dozen or more trips to the same place and even then could come to no courageous decision.

Let us hope that this year will see the road completed to Prince George and then "On to the Peace".

I cannot close without saying that I fail to understand the decision to build a highway from Vancouver to Squamish. Why not make a complete job of it Mr. Premier, and finish the road into Vancouver?

The imposition and continuance of the 3% Sales Tax is, in my opinion, one of the most objectionable ever imposed by any government. There are thousands of merchants in B.C. who stock taxable and non taxable commodities, and to make a strict account of taxes properly imposed and collected is a monstrosity entirely unexcusable; and in addition, to offer them a paltry 3% for this service is to add insult to injury. This is bureaucratic intolerance with a vengeance, and I emphatically affirm that 25% of collections would not repay the merchant for the trouble he has to take to make collections and returns. Mr. Premier, this Tax is going to cost you a lot of votes.

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#### EDITORIAL - continued

continued from page 2

equally disastrous but not nearly so apparent. The poor, much-maligned P.G.E., uncompleted at both ends, never had a chance to do anything but pile up a debt - which in 30 years it succeeded in doing to the tune of better than 120 millions (which monies came directly out of the tax-payers pocket). In terms of lost business, failure to complete the P.G.E. to its logical destination has cost the province at least as many millions again. Coal, grain, timber, mineral and agricultural produce which could have flowed in a never-ending stream from the vast northern hinterland down to the ports of Vancouver or Prince Rupert for export or consumption has become a partial reality only in regard to development of timber resources during the past three years - a small portion of which finds its way to Vancouver over the P.G.E., while almost all the resources of the Peace River and Central B.C. find their way to eastern Canada.

The (recent) Hart administration, becoming alarmed at losing so many seats throughout the north during the last election, decided that 'something' must be done to win back the support of the north. Completion of the railroad into the Peace River would undoubtedly do the trick, but would cost a great deal of money, more than the seats were worth. And besides, there were other considerations - if Peace River grain were diverted to Vancouver

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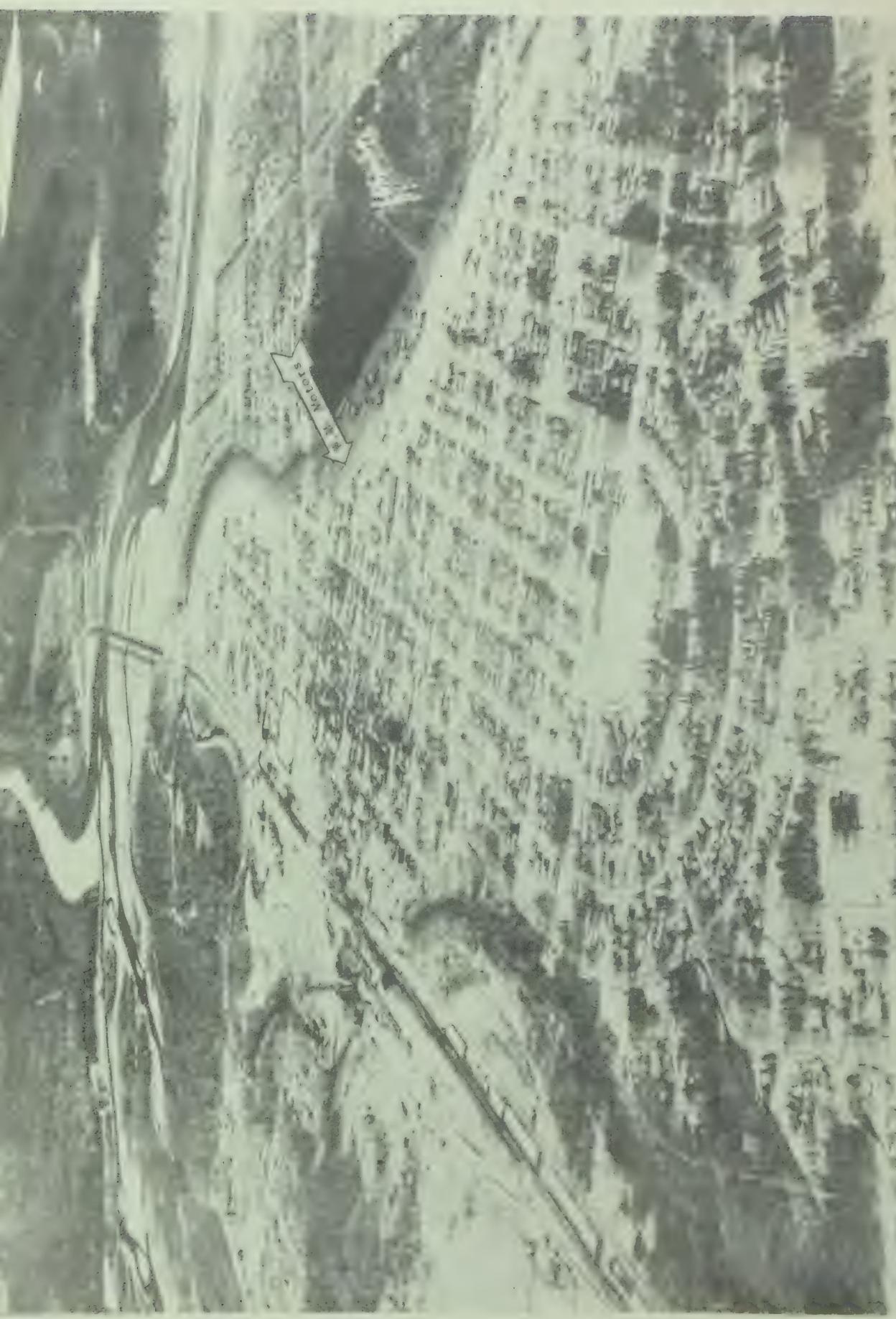
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Prince George, B.C. - future terminus of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway.

# Sunset On The Last Frontier

by Fred Lindsay

That portion of British Columbia which lies north of the 53rd parallel has, in the past eighty years, produced much wealth, much glamour and many fascinating stories. First there was the Cariboo gold rush with its doughty characters and the fantastic fortunes taken from river bar and creek. Then the Klondike rush and the Trail of '98, the infamous Chilcoot pass, the death and hardships of trail-weary men. The Grand Trunk Pacific was built and along its line a few towns sprang into being. And then this vast country lapsed into a period of what has seemed to be suspended animation.

There have been sawmills, logging camps, tie camps and mines. There have been homesteaders wearing themselves out both in body and in mind with their incessant struggle against poverty. There have been trappers and prospectors and timber cruisers. But chiefly there have been many men of many creeds and nationalities who were optimists above and beyond the call of duty.

In the cities which lie almost adjacent to the 49th parallel, Vancouver, New Westminster and Victoria, the northland was spoken of as "The Last Frontier." Service's words were taken literally along the skidway in Vancouver whenever a northerner hit the bright lights. It was always "Payday in the mines and the bearded brutes come down." It was always assumed that the northerner would have

enough money to buy chips in any game. It was always assumed that the northerner would be too naive to suspect a dishonest motive on the part of any gambler whether he gambled with cards, mining stocks or land. The motto of the southern gentry was 'Never give a sucker a break!' And so it has been that the optimistic gentlemen of the north have been taken for many different kinds of rides in the lush and highly civilized cities that hug the waters of the Pacific even as barnacles hug a drifting log.

About thirty years ago the Pacific Great Eastern Railway was built. The northern optimists shouted with joy and plowed their fields with new fervor. This, they knew, was the key that would open the treasure chest of the north. Unfortunately the P.G.E. developed some decidedly idiotic tendencies - what started out to be a railroad degenerated into a something which as late as 1948 was unkindly caricatured in one of the United States most prominent magazines as a Toonerville train, a train in which a half-breed cuddled bear traps to his hairy chest, in the narrow confines of a lower berth on the sleeping car Barkerville.

Throughout these long and decidedly tiresome thirty years the northerners have talked, orated and howled to no avail. Periodically the government has promised that something would be done, but, strangely enough, after each Pro-



Prince George, B.C. - Feb. 2nd. , 1914



New lime processing plant and quarry southwest of Clinton, B.C. Reserves are estimated in the millions of tons.

vincial election matters such as the paving of the Malahat Drive near Victoria or some similar world-shaking project diverted the government's attention.

So it has been that one generation has died off, a second generation is reaching the stage of pot-bellied maturity and a third generation has reached voting age without anyone except the northern pioneers knowing anything of the north.

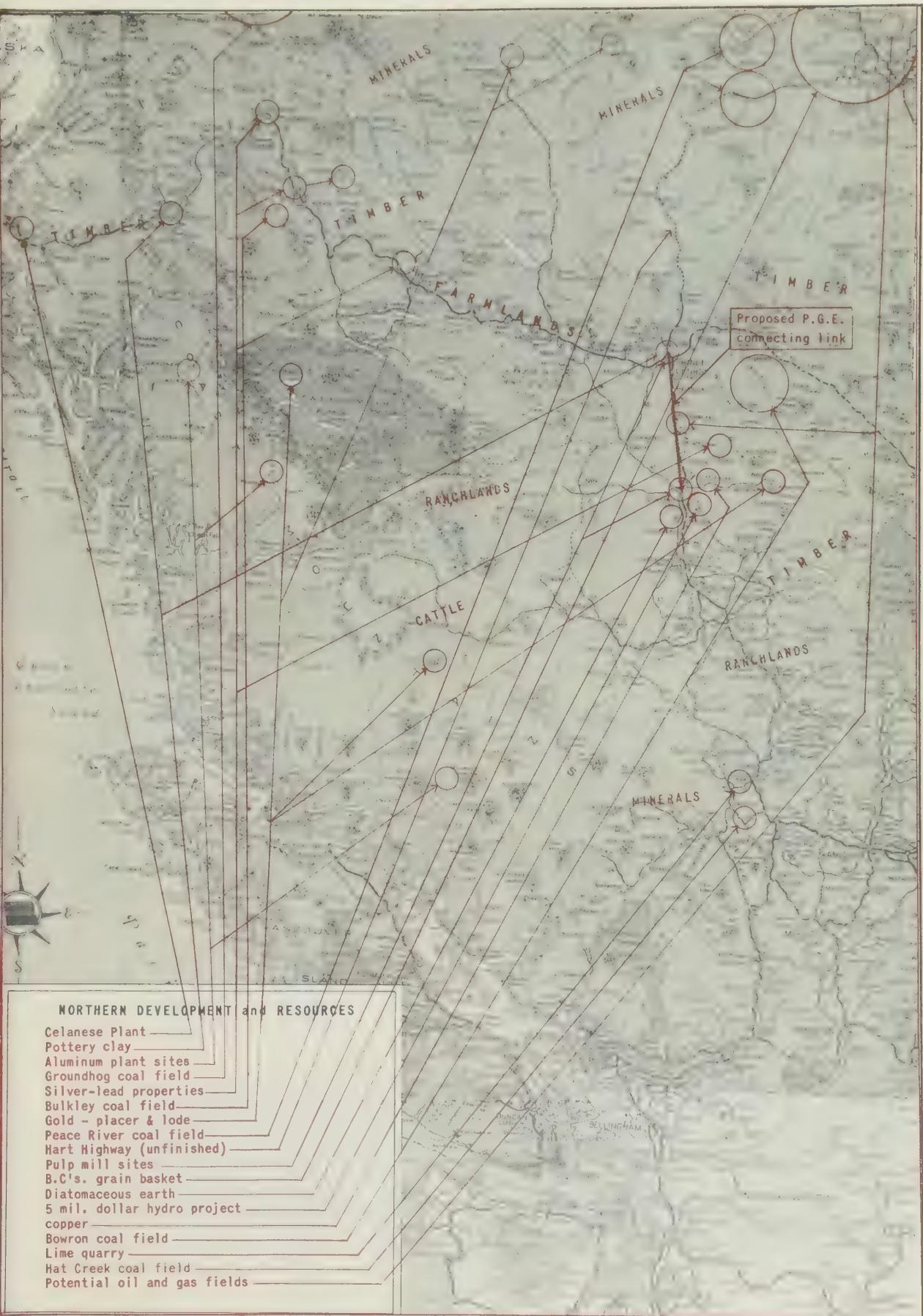
Fiction writers have pictured us as hairy-chested morons with shooting irons strapped to our waists. Historians still have us back at the turn of the century, and if Dame Rumour isn't the congenital liar which I think she is, Hollywood is, in this year of 1949, going to place us back in the days of the Cariboo gold rush. And all of this adds up to the fact that we are supposed to be still living on the edge of the last frontier. Or right smack in the middle of the wilderness if you like to call it that.

In January of this year we may have been on the frontier. On February the 11th of 1949, however, Premier Byron Johnson rang down the curtain on our cozy frontiersman's life. At long last British Columbia has found a man with enough brains to not only sit in parliament, but also use his other extremity, even whilst

parking on his seat. The Pacific Great Eastern will be extended to Prince George and a five million dollar hydro plant is proposed for Quesnel. These were two of the many wonderful things which 'Boss Johnson' promised. The key has at last been inserted into the Pandora's Box of the north. Future generations will never know this wilderness, for now it is in truth, Sundown on the Last Frontier.

Industry is moving in. Industry bossed by moneyed giants is shoving its busy, bustling hustling bulk into Quesnel. It is said that a pulp mill will be built near Quesnel, a pulp mill powered by electricity from the promised Hydro plant, a mill which will utilize some of the nine billion feet of timber which grows on the mountainsides and in the valleys of Cariboo. The Western Plywood Company is erecting, or rather, at this writing, is going to erect, a plywood plant in Quesnel, and this operation alone will do much to stabilize the economy of the district. But everyone has known of the timber in the northland for many many years. It has been the bug-bear of prospectors and homesteaders alike. Very few people, however, have ever assayed the true potentialities of the north country.

The areas adjacent to Quesnel contain





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George Street, Prince George, B.C. - 35 years ago.

some of the finest agricultural lands in British Columbia. There are lush valleys and rich tablelands capable of feeding many of the world's hungry, once the transportation difficulties and its offspring, high freight rates, are solved. Along the banks of the Fraser river and very close to Quesnel are vast deposits of Diatomaceous earth just crying for development once the necessary power can be assured for a factory. On the slopes of Dragon mountain, some eight miles from Quesnel, is a deposit of Asbestos. This is admittedly low-grade asbestos, but given the capital and the power, it will be utilized. Right smack beside the Barkerville road, within fifteen miles of Quesnel, is a vein of copper ore which runs twenty-nine dollars to the ton. It has been walked over, sat upon and known of for many a long year. Now it is staked, now that there is some assurance that it can be shipped when mined.

And then there is gold. Gold is still the great siren, the most fascinating stuff on earth, although I personally will settle for folding money. But regardless of my preferences, there will be another gold rush in this Cariboo as surely as there will be snow come winter time. All this takes is the railroad heading north and what is now inaccessible country opened by the can-opener of steel rails and diesel engines.

Let us swing north and east from Quesnel. The new hydro plant will make the mining towns of Wells and Barkerville hum with the noise of a billion bees. Fuel oil for diesel power plants eats into the working capital of mining outfits like a ravenous rat eats into a pound of cheese. Given power, there are several eastern mining outfits ready to develop several idle properties in the vicinity of Wells. That is all they are waiting for -- power, electricity, juice.

Take a look at Ahbou lake and the country adjacent to it. This is wilderness indeed, rugged country surrounded by muskeg, rocky escarpment, dense timber and windstrewn mountains. How rich is Ahbou? You'll have to ask the man upstairs. Little is known about it, save that years ago fortunes were taken out in gold, that the mountains close to the lake are loaded with lead and silver-lead ores. That there is a great deal of radioactive ore there, and that someone or other at one time found pitch-blend a short distance from the lake. Pitch-blend, the mother of radium, uranium, and many other horrible things demanded by science for this new and beautiful era known as the Atomic age.

So we've peeked at Ahbou, let's swing west to Hixon Creek on the Quesnel-Prince George Highway. It isn't much but a wide spot in the road today. But a few years ago a party of Americans spotted oil-bearing shale around Hixon Creek. This year the same American company who drilled for oil at Point Barrow in the far north are going to try and spud in an oil well at Hixon Creek. Oh yes, and there is gold and timber there too, and base metals as well. Even little Hixon Creek is so potentially wealthy as to make the Agha Khan grit his teeth as he counts his few paltry million rupees or whatever he counts.

Then far to the East on a line with Hixon Creek are the Bowron Lake coal fields. They have been there since the Pleistocene age, and if there was no hydro and no railroad and no optimism in the north country the coal would stay there until some idiot starts an Atomic war. (Of course that may be before this hits the stands, we live in a fast age.) But even so, an old survey reveals that there are two hundred million tons of coal in these deposits. And even if the operator only clears a buck a ton he won't be worrying about social security

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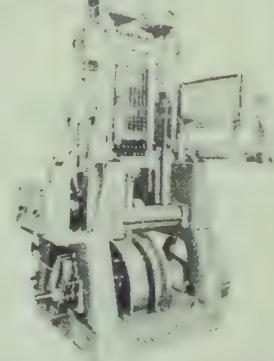
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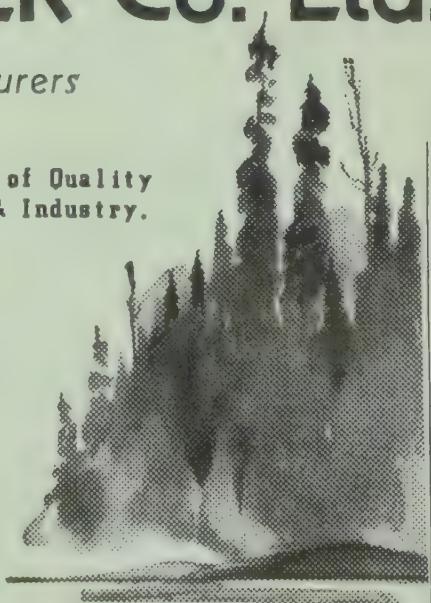


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Construction of the C.N.R. bridge across the Fraser River at Prince George. (1914)

for some time to come. There is a road being built into these deposits now - a road which connects with the Prince George-Quesnel highway, and will cross the P.G.E. tracks when they are laid.

So far we've just been circling around and about Quesnel and Wells. We haven't even started north yet. Wealth, brothers and sisters, we in the central and northern interior of B.C. are sitting in the middle of the jack-pot. The country north of Prince George and around Prince George and along the C.N.R. is, to use a colloquialism "richer than goose-grease."

Just for fun lets scoot up the 'Trench', or the Findlay river. Take a gander at Mount Selwyn. It is bigger than the Alaska Treadwell mine. It is a low-grade proposition running around \$2.50 a ton mill-run. There are millions of tons of this gold-bearing ore in Mount Selwyn. When the P.G.E. passes northwards from Prince George, and you can wager it will do that little thing soon, Mount Selwyn alone will pay off handsomely. But this mountain is only a wee pimple on the face of the north. The Hart highway passes through country that has hardly been explored. We don't know what is in it. Like the rest of the north, that country is a gigantic grab-bag. Rich? As my gentle aunt (the Presbyterian one) used to say, "well holy old cow."

And then there is the Peace River Block. Here is the wheat basket of Western Canada. But of what use is wheat if it can't be shipped out? What is the use of sowing and harvesting year after year after hopeless year if only a small percentage of the crop can be disposed of? You're right. Absolutely none. But the Peace not only grows wheat and cattle. It also grows optimistic men - men of great visions and greater faith. They know the P.G.E. will reach the Alaskan line. They know too that it will not be long now in arriving! And what does this



Construction of the Fraser River bridge at Quesnel in 1929.

mean to them?

Look at the record! The distance from the heart of the Peace River Block to Squamish by rail will be 730 miles. The distance from this same point to Dawson Creek via Edmonton to Vancouver is 1,231 miles. From Dawson Creek to Fort William is 1,740 miles.



Loading diatomaceous earth near Quesnel! Only small quantities have been shipped to date. Cheap power could mean development on a large scale.

In his speech of February 11th, 1949, Premier Johnson said, in part, "So, in announcing the extension of the railway from Quesnel to Prince George as I am doing today, I want to say to those pioneers in the Peace River area that this Government intends to follow a policy, with a fixed determination of purpose, which has as its objective the completion of the line into the Peace at the earliest possible moment."

And on the Pacific slope the giants of industry are girding their loins too. The Celanese Corporation is building an eight million dollar plant near Prince Rupert at Port Edwards. This huge corporation will cause a great increase in the standard of living for everyone who is resident along the Skeena watershed, in Prince Rupert and in all of the towns along the line of the C.N.R. from Smithers and Terrace west.

Then too, there is the possibility of three aluminum plants being erected on the northern B.C. coast. They will use the waters of Chilco lake, the Whitesail and Ootsa lake for their power plants. And farther north it is rumoured that still another aluminum company wants to utilize the waters of Atlin lake for power, but in this case it is also rumoured that the plant will be established upon Alaskan territory, and if this is the case, the prosperity which will be caused will effect us but little.

No, the coming generation will know little of our conception of pioneer life. Their frontier will be pushed clear to the Bering sea. One wonders what they will think of the stories their grandfathers tell - of sundown on the last frontier.



Hydraulic mining near Manson Creek.



The day's 'take'.



One of the two new diesel-electric locomotives put into service by the P.G.E. on the north end of the run on April 1st. The first step in an overall plan of modernizing British Columbia's own railway.

## Cache Creek Billboard Fund

Following is a complete list to date of all cash donations, and all money guaranteed towards the Cache Creek and Prince George Billboard fund.

### Cash

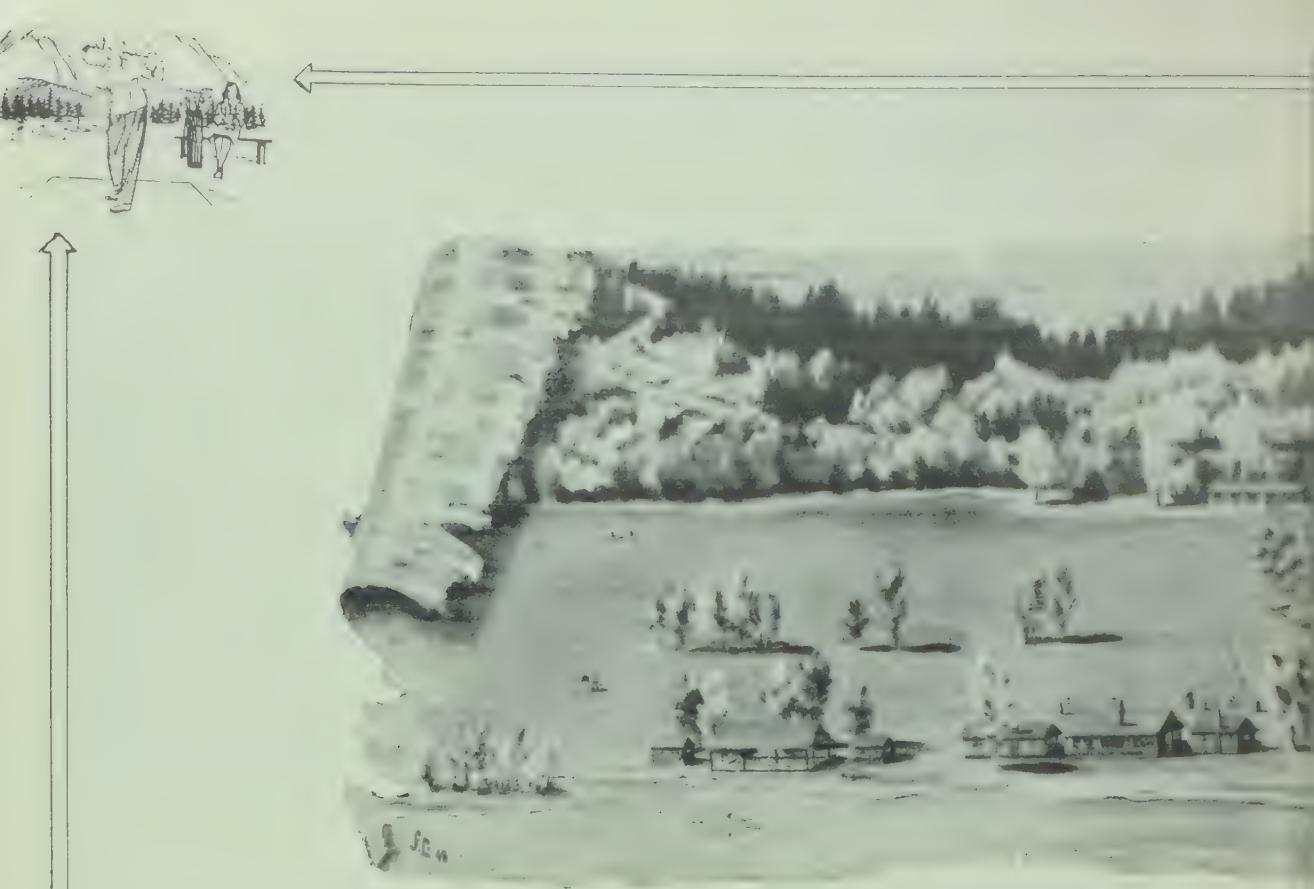
Evergreen Fishing Camp	\$ 5.00
Twilight Lodge	5.00
R. W. Calderwood	5.00
I. B. Guest	5.00
Bryant Motors	10.00
Smithers Garage	10.00
Muirhead Brothers	2.00
Eby's Hardware	5.00
Hoskin's Garage	10.00
W. T. Wark	5.00
Telkwa Garage	5.00
V. A. Taylor	5.00
Ken McKenzie	5.00
Quesnel Brothers Garage	5.00
150 Mile Hotel	5.00
Cariboo Cold Storage	5.00
Anonymous	10.00
Ben Baird	5.00
Fort Fraser Hotel	5.00
Olsen's Furniture Store	5.00
W. M. Motors	10.00
Clucultz Lake Resort	5.00
Clinton Motors	10.00
Parkies	5.00
Burns Lake Board of Trade	50.00
Vanderhoof Board of Trade	50.00
C. P. Bussingerp	20.00
 Cash Total	\$267.00

Money Guaranteed	
Dougherty's Fishing Camp	5.00
Maple Leaf Hotel	5.00
Beath Motors Ltd.	5.00
Bell & Richardson	5.00
Ernie's Garage	5.00
C. W. (Bud) Dawson	5.00
Bob Parker Ltd.	5.00
Long Motors Ltd.	5.00
Smedley & Sharpe Ltd.	10.00
Bulkley Hotel	10.00
Hazelton Chamber of Commerce	50.00
Quesnel Board of Trade	50.00
Associated Boards of Trade of Central B.C.	<u>150.00</u>
 Total Guaranteed	\$310.00
 Cash	<u>\$267.00</u>
 Grand Total to Date	\$577.00

It is hoped that ALL Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce from Clinton to Prince Rupert will do their share, so that construction may start before the end of April and the signs completed before the start of the tourist season.

Arrangements have been made for the sight upon which the Cache Creek sign is to be erected. Mr. H. A. Brooks, proprietor of the T.U. Auto Camp has guaranteed space on the south end of his property approaching the forks in the road.

If you are interested in the future of the tourist business in Cariboo and North-Central B.C., SIT DOWN NOW -- AND MAIL IN YOUR CONTRIBUTION to Cariboo & Northwest Digest Ltd., Quesnel, B.C.



## “THE KING

Every ripple in British Columbia's turbulent Fraser river murmurs romance. In the early 1860s, gold-mad pioneers from over the world crawled along its banks and bars. Before them, wild fur brigades from the north paddled down its majestic length.

The Fraser flows through a rugged land of precipitous mountains, steep canyons, treacherous gravel bars and seemingly limitless timber. Today the old voyageurs have gone. Only a few dilapidated buildings, which were once stopping places for river traffic, an occasional trapper's cabin or prospector's shack with sagging roof speak of the glories that have been. There is practically no boat travel now. But the indomitable river remains the same, rolling on to the sea.

At one place, six miles north of Quesnel, it makes a mighty westward sweep around a level benchland. Wide, white sandbars curve with the grey-green waters. An avenue of giant cottonwoods stretches along the shore and through their branches can be glimpsed a grassy plateau, half a mile wide.

Here is a natural park which for centuries was seen only by the soaring eagle, the vagrant crow and the shy animals which still haunt its trails and thickets. In this loveliest of settings are the buildings and golf course of the KING of CLUBS.

There is gold under the green turf, gold on the beach and gold in the gravel bars of the two islands which cut the powerful current just off shore. At the north end of the estate, coal deposits poke black spines out of the hard-packed sand. It is merchantable coal.....in what quantities is hard to say, but Nature has never been niggardly along the Fraser. Rustic coal bunkers adjoin the neat bunk-house at the edge of the woods.

Yet who would seek for coal or gold when he could be plunging into the turquoise waters of the blue pool? By summertime a brilliantly-tiled, red-roofed swimming pool is planned for completion, since treacherous currents make the river unsafe for bathing. Dressing-rooms will flank it on either side and a cement promenade join them with the pool.





## OF CLUBS"

Already constructed at the river's edge are showers, power-house, club-house and kitchen. In the club-house you can lunch and chat before the fireplace, while looking out across the Fraser to the beaver meadows at the foot of steep sandstone cliffs.

The KING of CLUBS is remote, yet accessible. Only six miles north of the railhead and airport at Quesnel, it is as secluded as any trapper's cabin. You can reach it via power boat, by motor road or by private plane.

The motor road, branching off the main highway on the west side of the river, leads through deep woods on Club property. Your car may have to slow to a crawl to give right of way to a moose or a bear, for there is no shooting permitted on the estate.

The road finally emerges on a bank high above the Fraser where it commands a magnificent view of river and islands. Then it winds down to the club buildings, set in the superbly landscaped reaches of the golf-course. The nine-hole course has been laid out by experts and leads the

golfer beneath the shade of great cottonwoods and stately poplars.

As you drive through the big green gate, you pass garage, stable and paddocks. The road circles the owner's dwelling, perched on a grassy knoll amid huge birch clumps, rambles past the long rows of the vegetable garden and on to the club-house and pool at the river shore.

Here in this secluded spot, modern comforts blend with the peace and privacy of the wilderness. Always the Fraser flows by, whispering its stories of romance, of the fur trade, the gold rush, exploration and adventure.

Back of the golf course runs the soft-loam, mile-and-a-half-long training strip for horses. North of the course, where the benchlands are resplendent in their coverings of poplar and birch, the woods are laced with bridle paths. Here the rider can photograph grazing deer or the mating dance of grouse. Here is the wilderness, still untamed, but infinitely more comfortable than before the reign of the KING of CLUBS.

F.W.L.





From the top of the mountain we could see in every direction for 50 miles.

## Even The Mountains Have Eyes

by Wm. Kirby

The sign on the roadside pointed to an opening in the timber and the words read "B.C. Forestry Lookout." Occasionally a car or truck passed the sign, and on two or three occasions the occupants expressed a slight curiosity as to the meaning of the word Lookout. But for the most part nobody evinced any interest in anything but their speedometers and the fact that they had to get somewhere in a terrible hurry.

Even the settled parts of central B.C. are for the most part remote; the highway winds like a grey and dusty snake for miles upon countless miles. The towns are few and far between, but in each town there is some representative of the forest service. He may be a full-fledged grade-A Ranger, who, it is assumed, knows all the answers. Or he may be an assistant Ranger, who not only knows the answers, but in case of fire has to do a not inconsiderable amount of work as well.

Far from the towns, from the high-

ways, and from any form of civilisation, are the lookouts. Small, land-locked lighthouses, set upon some rocky nodule or mountain-top. Fourteen foot square, the lookout is wired or 'guyed' on its four corners to prevent its being blown away. It is furnished with a cookstove, a bed of sorts, a few plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons. It also has within its walls a short-wave radio, an Osborne Fire-finder, a complete set of maps, a usually wonky pair of fieldglasses, and if it is very up-to-date, a telephone.

Now according to the Forest Manual, which, as all men know is the Bible of the B.C. Forest Service, "The lookoutman is the eye of the Field Force."

According to many laymen the lookoutman is an eccentric individual, an escapist who is trying to get away from it all. In some cases the layman's assumption may be correct; possibly some lookoutmen are eccentric.

But eccentric or otherwise, the fact remains that these hardy souls who occupy various mountain-tops for five months of the year save the people of British Columbia millions of dollars annually.

"What do you do all the time up there alone?" This is a question asked by many folk. "Don't you get awfully lonely?"

This worries many others who normally don't give a damn whether a person starves, freezes, or dies of frustration.

Rather than answer these people who have never heard of the privacy of man nor appreciated the beauties which lie hidden in the unfolding of such a common thing as a skunk-cabbage leaf, let us pry into the life of a lookout-man for one day.

We will invent a fictional lookout called Wolverine, and a fictional lookoutman called Herbie, although why Herbie I cannot say. Wolverine's radio call is P.D.Q.P. The telephone call is 3 longs and a short. And, just to keep the records straight, our hero Herbie is neither eccentric, lazy nor afraid of anything that walks, creeps or crawls. Wolverine is situated just under the four thousand foot mark and is not bothered by clouds except on cloudy days.

Wolverine Lookout is glassed in both downstairs in the living quarters and upstairs in the cupola or lookout proper. Yesterday was a rather uninteresting day in Herbie's life. A storm had swept in from the Queen Charlottes (the birthplace of all storms, according to the weatherman). Raggedy, black clouds had covered the landscape, and Herbie, being an exemplary character, had spent his time putting in a culvert on the road which led up to Wolverine. He had also sawn down several snags which threatened his telephone line, cut them into firewood, and packed some of this wood uphill to his living quarters. All in all, with time out for meals, Herbie hadn't been very lonely. He flopped into bed about 9 P.M., thanking his lucky stars that no nosey neighbour was within shot of even a medium-sized rocket dispenser, and when he settled down to sleep he knew that no one would bother him.



Today looks promising to Herbie. His first duty of the day is the weighing in of the humidity, or moisture sticks. These are twelve-inch sticks of seasoned fir, being approximately one-half inch in diameter. If there is a great deal of moisture in the air these sticks absorb a great deal of moisture, and when they are weighed the scales will prove this. If, on the other hand, there is little or no moisture in the air the sticks will be correspondingly lighter. Today there is little moisture around, a period of low humidity has set in. The sun is hot. The mountain wind has a rasping quality which reminds Herbie of the hacking cough of an ancient grizzly. His senses are alerted . . . he can smell trouble brewing . . . and like any human anywhere, Herbie reacts quite normally by commencing to worry.

At eight-thirty Herbie switches on his radio. At eight-thirty-nine his call, P.D.Q.P., comes through. "Station X.Y.Z. calling P.D.Q.P. come in please. Station X.Y.Z. calling station P.D.Q.P. come in please. . . over."

"P.D.Q.P. back to station X.Y.Z. everything clear."

After a few moments of this plus several zzinggs, buzzes and yowling noises which seem to emanate from



Sawing wood in front of the lookout. The kitten is on the job too.

Ketchikan, Alaska, Herbie switches off his radio thoughtfully, and takes an aspirin tablet. His highly developed sixth sense tells him that everything is not alright, but just what is wrong eludes him for the moment. He studies the terrain beneath him closely. There are several smokes caused by sawmills, but these are plotted on a wall-map, and Herbie pays them little or no attention. Slowly he sweeps the far horizon with his binoculars. Everything seems to be in order. The hills stand out gloriously, their green-clad slopes sweeping upwards to timber-line.

"Everything's clear in the north," Herbie mutters to himself. "She's clear in the east, and the west. But something is going to bust as sure as I'm four thousand feet high."

To the southward there appears to be a fog haze. It is very faint, almost ephemeral in quality. The binoculars pass over it once or twice, and then somewhere in Herbie's brain a bell rings.

"Fog?" he murmurs. "Fog on a day like this? Oh no! It can't be!"

The binoculars steady upon the alleged fog. Suddenly a tiny black tendril separates itself from the whiter body and spirals skywards. It is a very small, black ribbon of smoke. Too small for the naked eye.

Now in the Forestry Manual, it distinctly says to "be sure that you have a fire to report before reporting it." This is much like telling a man to be sure he is drowning before calling for help... or telling a policeman to be sure he is going to be shot at before unlimbering his trusty Smith and Wesson and shooting his opponent.

Our Herbie, being a normal person, reacts even as you or I would. He immediately takes a bearing upon the smoke he has seen, rushes to the telephone, cranks the blasted thing as though it were a Model T, and waits breathlessly for the voice of, well, most anyone will do. Unfortunately, however, he had not lifted the receiver before cranking, and the only voice he hears is that of a highly indignant hausfrau, who is, so she tells Herbie, "talkin' to Millie Higgs and who is he to stick his big snoot in anyhoo?"

"O.K.," Herbie breathes into the mouthpiece, "only I have a fire to report see, and I must get through to the ranger right away."

This information intrigues the hausfrau no end. "H-m-m, a fire? D'ya hear that Millie? Yoo hoo! Millie are you still there? The guy up on the lookout says there is a fire".

Screaming with near hysterics our hero hangs up the phone and glances out of the cupola. By now the smoke has spread a diaphanous black curtain over the southern sky. Herbie rushes to the radio and switches it on. He intones his call over and over again. Unfortunately, some brass hat in Vancouver is having a companionable chat with some equally brassy hat in the north. They are talking at great length about costs. According to the Forestry man's Bible, harsh words must not be uttered over the forestry radio. It would appear that some highly moral individual with the wisdom of Socrates listens-in to all broadcasts, and goes into a perfect tizzy if anyone, anywhere, at any time, says anything which anyone at any time is quite likely to say. But Herbie is normal, he throws his transmitting switch on and howls into the set, "I've got me a fire, dag-nab it! Wake up you scissor-bills! It's on bearing 65, and the smoke's blacker than Aunt Jemima's face. It's spreading, and looks like it's crowning!"

He switches his radio back to receive, and awaits developments. A breathless hush comes out of the speaker. A stunned world has been flung upon its collective haunches. The word scissorbill has gone over the ether, and throughout the length and breadth of the land dozens of lesser men than



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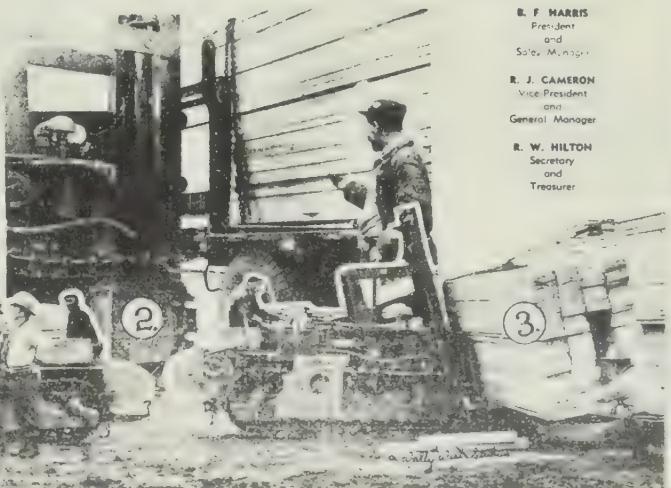


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Lookout man, lookout dog and lookout cat all looking for fires.

Herbie are shaking their heads in horror at this blasphemous language.

Suddenly, and with ear-piercing qualities, the telephone rings. Herbie rushes to it casting an apprehensive eye at the by-now heavy smoke pall. "Wolverine Lookout," he yells into the mouthpiece. And then, "Say where in heck have you jaspers been. The fire is going up hill like mad. I . . ."

"Oh, is it still going? - well I was just talkin' to my old man and he wanted to know is the fire still burnin'. Millie Higgs says as how she heard there was a fire near Prince George and mebbe that was what you seen huh?"

Weakly Herbie hangs the receiver on its hook. His radio is still on, and suddenly from its speaker issues a gruff, but not unfriendly voice.

"P.D.Q.P. if you're on, that smoke you see is coming from another district. They have a large crew on and everything's under control. Come in please, over."

"P.D.Q.P. back. Thanks for calling me. I thought the fire was mebbe twenty miles from here. There is a hill between me and the fire. I guess there must be a whole range of hills mebbe. I get excited sometimes. P.D.Q.P. over."

"O.K. Wolverine, but keep your eyes peeled."

"O.K. I'll keep looking. P.D.Q.P. over and off."

The lookout is silent now. Somehow the hills and lakes and meadows far below appear friendlier. A squirrel commences to gossip; a pair of whisky-jacks drift in silently from nowhere and flutter aimlessly about a pair of

socks which are drying on a guy wire. Far down in one of the valleys a saw-mill man hesitates before applying fire to a pile of slabs that are hindering his immediate operations.

"There was a time I could get away with it," he remarks to his companion. "What is a man supposed to do? It's too dry to get a burning permit, and if I touch this pile off, that fake on Wolverine will spot it right away."

His companion nods sympathetically. "Dictatorship," he grumbles. "Hell, even the mountains have eyes."

Even as he is speaking, the binoculars of Herbie sweep slowly and inexorably around. He still hasn't the time to be lonely, and he has plenty, a great deal of plenty to do.

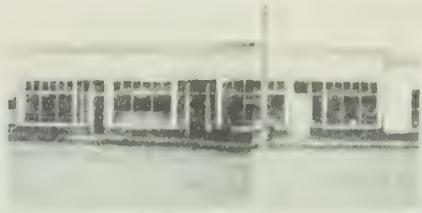
Due to the excitement caused by the first real smoke of the season Herbie has forgotten several of his duties. He hasn't, for instance, taken the wind. Now, taking the wind may sound as though Herbie was in the habit of de-burping himself, but actually this is not the case. Wolverine lookout is equipped with a wind gauge. This mechanical creature rotates endlessly. Its cup-shaped vanes catch whatever puff of wind there is, and well-oiled though it may be there is a constant hum coming from the thing, which would in itself dispell loneliness. Herbie throws a small switch and a buzzer gives off dulcet tones. One--two--three-- it is a gentle breeze. Herbie checks the buzzes against the sweep-hand of his wrist-watch. He consults a table of figures upon the wall. He jots down the date, the time and the figures 15 for a 15 M.P.H. wind.

He also has to make out a report every two hours covering the conditions of the sky, the height of the clouds, etc., the humidity, the temperature, the number of smokes seen, and the radio calls received. In his purely domestic life Herbie has plenty to worry about too. For one thing, his mail, groceries and sundries are left at a small box two miles from the lookout. His water supply comes from a well at the bottom of the five-hundred-foot hill which stands like a pimple on top of Wolverine mountain. But groceries, mail, and even water

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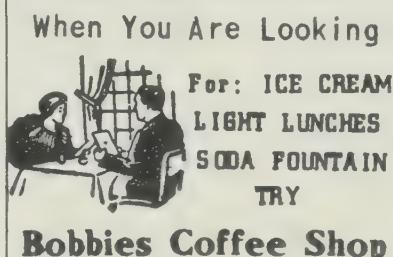
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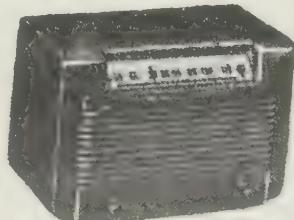
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Looking south over rock wall towards Ootsa Lake.

must wait until the westering sun has allowed the lowlands to cool off.

Herbie's life doesn't sound very interesting. But it has its compensations. There are sunsets which a city man wouldn't even see in technicolor. There is mountain air, so pure and vital that it puts a perfume counter's finest product to shame. There are wild flowers growing in vast profusion on every hand, the bold, golden arnica, the shy mountain violet, the scarlet Indian paint-brush, daisies, wild roses, lady-slippers and fox-gloves. Practically every flower native to B.C. is Herbie's to look at, smell, or if he is so inclined, pick.

He has his own fruit stand too. Wild strawberries are crushed beneath his feet whenever he goes for water. Huckleberries purple the slopes of Wolverine, and blueberries grow in great profusion beside the trail. Herbie gets closer to nature than many so-called nature lovers can ever hope to get. He knows the nesting place of many grouse. They come when he calls them and, once they become

accustomed to the idea of a two-legged creature not carrying a gun or a sling-shot, they feed from his hands. The lordly moose and ubiquitous black bear are friends of Herbies. Even the porcupines hold him in respect, and chew his axe handles or shovel handles with special gusto.

Occasionally a tourist, braving the rigours of a mountain trail, will visit Wolverine. For the most part they carry huge, hi-powered rifles equipped with telescopic sights. They are oh so proud of their prowess, and can't understand why Herbie whoops like a Comanche when he sees their autos climbing towards the lookout along the forestry road. But Herbie's pals understand. The moose vanish, the bears hit for the Wolverine swamps, and the grouse and lesser birds disappear as though they had never existed.

And so the tourists shoot a few holes through tin cans, or blow the bark from some inoffensive tree. And while all this is going on, Herbie smiles amiably at them, offers them tea or coffee or whatever else he has in the line of refreshment.

"You must get very lonely up here," these visitors suggest. "The nights must be terribly long and the days terribly empty."

But Herbie shrugs, smiles and puts on the eccentric act. It is very hard to explain things to people. And just possibly all lookoutmen suffer to a greater or lesser degree from mountain madness, which is akin to that madness which makes men long for the Genisis of all things, for a beautiful garden which Holy Writ calls Eden.

## EDITORIAL - continued

continued from page 49

elevators the jointly-owned (C.P.R. - C.N.R.) Northern Alberta Railway already serving that area could lose the highly lucrative long-distance grain haul to the Great Lakes. Such a move would undoubtedly be frowned upon by the two transcontinental lines - hence the HART HIGHWAY was to be the 'something'.

It would hurt no one, cost less, and serve the same purpose. Government engineers' estimates on the project were 6 million dollars. Apart from

providing a means of communication between the Peace River and the rest of B.C., over which settlers and tourists might travel, it was intended as a 'vote-catcher' - I say "was", for after three years of spasmodic work and the expenditure of some eight millions it is not yet completed and its value as such is, if not nil, at least doubtful.

In the meantime, knowing that north-country residents fully realized that Peace River grain and coal could never reach the coast over the highway under

continued on page 117

# FOR IMMEDIATE SALE!



**HEAPS SAWMILL** With Heaps auxiliary equipment. Capacity 8 M per day. Complete with 8 cyl. Chrysler power unit, edger, V-belt drive on Fairbanks Morse power cut-off. Heaps 30 inch sawdust blower with 80 ft. 8 inch blower pipe. Camp capacity - 14 men. 5,000,000 ft. of timber adjacent this mill - 80% Fir, 20% Spruce and Jackpine. 15 miles from railhead - 13 miles on Barkerville road - 2 miles bush road. Delivery tables equipped with ball-bearing steel rollers. Two 50 inch, 7-8 gauge Spear & Jackson saws - B pattern

THIS MILL OFFERED AS A 'GOING CONCERN'

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**NATIONAL SAWMILL** (carriage & husk). Capacity 15 M per day. Completely equipped with D-13,000 Caterpillar Diesel power unit in perfect condition, 'Walter' mountain-type edger 6 by 30, National ball-bearing cut-off, log winch (friction drive from line shaft) with 140 ft. 5/8 cable, sawdust blower (25' Mainland) with 120 ft. 8 in. pipe. Edger and waste chain full length of mill to burner conveyor leading to completely equipped burner. From 500 to 500 ft. of belt - 5 to 12 inch. Chrysler-powered fire pump - 500 gal. per minute cap complete with suction hose, 150 ft. 2½' and 400 ft. 1½' discharge hose with nozzles etc. (This pump can be bought separately) - No camp or camp equipment. This mill must be moved your own stand of timber.

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Quesnel KANGAROOS - Provincial Intermediate 'B' Champs. Top row left to right: Chas Beath, manager, Geo. Campbell, Tommy Moffat, Jack Ritson, Bill Campbell, Jack Mundie, Vic Polichek, Gerald Campbell. Bottom row from left to right: Billy Keen, Johnnie Stokes, Jimmie Mills, Mel McIntyre, Bill (Foxcar) Thompson. Inset, upper right: Ray Commons, Chairman of Hockey, Quesnel Athletic Club.

## INTERMEDIATE "B" LEAGUE CHAMPS

### and The Pay - off

by HAROLD BOX

The Quesnel Kangaroos playing against the Flying Frenchmen from Lumby in the provincial finals of the Intermediate B Hockey class won the two-game total goals series at Kelowna 9-5.

The first game ended in a 4-4 tie but in the second game the Kangaroos getting used to the artificial ice surface, ran up a final score of 5-1 to emerge victors and take the championship.

Playing during the season against Prince George Lumbermen and Williams Lake Stampeders in the Northern Hockey League the Quesnel team took the sudden-death playoff from Prince George by a 3-2 score to enter the provincial playdowns. This game played on Prince

George ice was the keenest climax in the history of the league, and a hockey-mad town went even wackier on hearing the result.

This is the first provincial championship in sports of any description to come to any rivertown team according to 'Chuck' Beath, manager of the Kangaroos.

The Kangaroos played as a team and it would be hard to pick any individual stars over the season play. Mel McIntyre lead the league play in scoring and he was a tower of strength in his backchecking as well as scoring. Billy Keen, the China Clipper on the forward line, Jack Ritson on defense, and Bill Campbell on center

proved excellent players during the year. The fighting spirit of the team was shown by the results of league play. During the season they dropped three close games to the Prince George outfit but fighting back hard they were able to take the playoff. The team could be considered as a whole a local products group as no definite imports were used. The same could not be said of their league opposition. Hockey was played for the sport, all players holding down jobs which required everyday attention, and some were hard put to make games out of town.

The big push behind the Kangaroos' effort for the year was the work of No. 1 sports fan of the town, Ray Commons, local bank manager. Commons, as hockey chairman, was responsible for the acquisition of the striking new outfits the team wore this year, and the introduction of the Kangaroo emblem on the outfits. This was a Kangaroo with skates on the hind feet, with a young Kangaroo in the pouch holding a hockey stock. Commons' big regret of the year was his inability to get away from work to take in the provincial finals with the team.

The town put on a big celebration for the return of the team. They were

met at the Quesnel river bridge by the Firemen's Band and led into town in a parade that consisted of over 60 cars, while horns blared as the parade wended through the main streets. "Box-car" Thompson, doughty defense star of the Kangaroos who has played many seasons in England and on the continent, said, "I have never seen such a reception in all my playing years in any of the places I have played hockey."

A few days after the return of the team a banquet was held in the Legion Hall, and after this a public reception and dance. The highlight of this was the wager payoff of No. 2 Hockey fan, Paul Gauthier, local showman, and Joe Raino, local barber. Raino had bet Gauthier that Lumby would take the playoff, and the winner was to get a free haircut by either party. In a chair that had seen better times, Gauthier turned barber for a night, and with implements that had the odor of the farm about them, Raino had his locks trimmed appropriately.

For years there has been a definite need for a covered ice rink surface and with the local team bringing a provincial championship to the town the talk is shaping up that will probably lead to action in getting this project under way.

BELOW: The Payoff - The victim is Joe Raino, Quesnel barber who bet theatre man Paul Gauthier that the 'Kangaroos' would lose the Intermediate B playoffs. He is receiving a haircut 'Gauthier - Style' with a pair of garden shears.



ABOVE: Winner and loser pose for a final shot showing latest fashion in men's hair styling. Moral - don't bet against your home town.

# The Natural Port

by Page RIDEOUT

(Peace River, Alta.)

A comprehensive review of the many proposals for providing a Pacific Coast outlet for the Peace River Block, in which the writer points out that there is another (and perhaps much more practical) outlet than the much mooted P.G.E. extension.

Prince Rupert is the natural port for the Peace River and the Peace River country needs a western port.

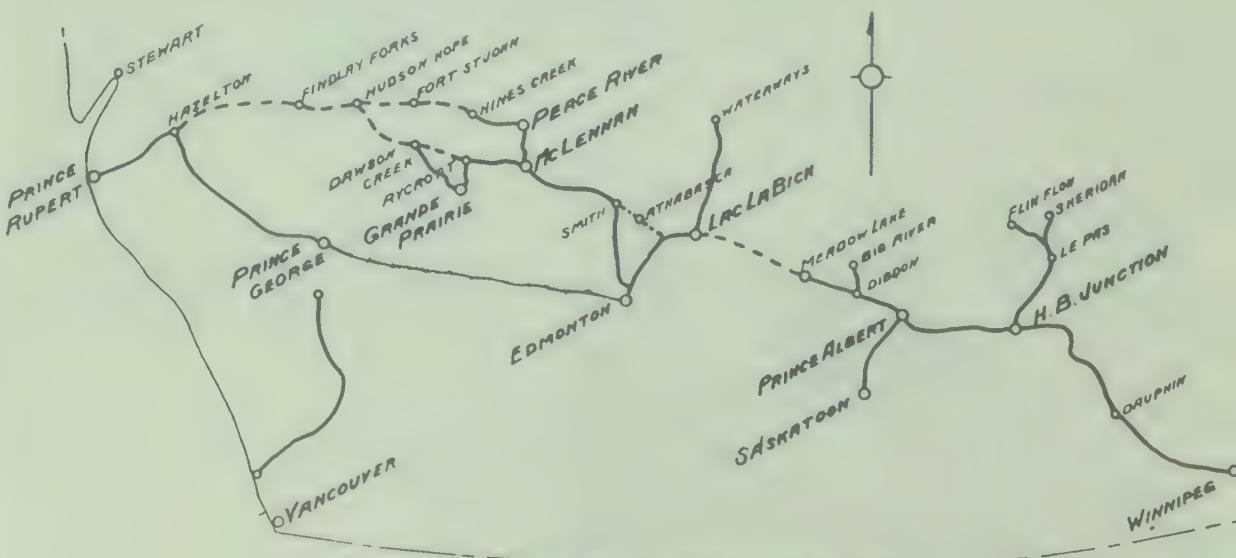
The problem now confronting Canada is the building of the railway connecting the present Peace River railway system at Hines Creek with the Canadian National Railway at the most feasible point, giving at the same time the most direct and useful route which will be a permanent asset in the development of the country.

For over twenty years the people of the Peace have been asking for a railway which will give them an outlet to the Pacific coast for their products. One after another of Canadian statesmen have promised that they would be given it, and railwaymen have joined with statesmen and politicians in making promises. Then came the depression which made it impossible for anything to be done. Peace River people became discouraged, and had it not been for the heavy crops and the high prices

paid for grain they could not have carried on.

With the passing of the depression the people of the Peace are turning once more to the government of Canada and asking it to implement the promises and connect the Peace River country with the Pacific by rail so that their wheat and other farm products may get the advantage of the current prices instead of being overtaxed with freight charges as is the case today.

Prince Rupert also has some ancient promises unfulfilled, and the port is joining with the people of the Peace in an effort to induce the government to take immediate action toward the building of the railway. Already meetings have been held, resolutions passed and letters written to the Prime Minister and to other ministers and members at Ottawa asking for the construction of this railway as an important national work which will not only give relief to the farmers



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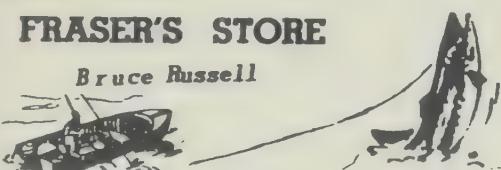
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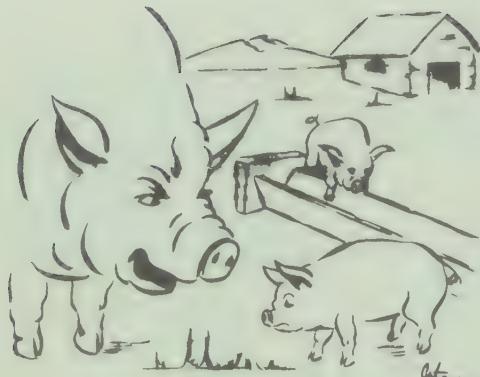
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of the Peace but will also take up the unemployment slack and cause the country to become more prosperous.

#### The Call For Settlement Sounded By Government and Railways

On July 29th, 1903, the government of the day entered into an agreement with a number of prominent financial and railway men of Great Britain and Canada, which created the G.T.P. Railway Co., and in turn the company contracted to build a line of railway on Canadian territory from Moncton, N.B., to a point on the Pacific at or near Port Simpson, B.C., which point later turned out to be what is now Prince Rupert.

The government required the Railway Company to bind itself to provide shipping connections upon both Atlantic and Pacific. So a \$3,000,000 shipbuilding plant, and a floating dry-dock capable of lifting and taking care of the largest liner afloat (not excluding the Queen Mary) was built at Prince Rupert, which was to be a great railroad terminal and ocean port on our North Pacific.

Both the government and the railway company realized that in order to establish an ocean port and rail terminal they must have people, and they must have men with means to invest. So both the government and the company heralded the news to the world of the new transcontinental railway building across a new country, a new plant building new ships to sail in and out of the port; new trains arriving at the new port from beyond the Great Lakes.

We who can recall those times must admit that it was a very attractive proposition for the period centering around 1910. Many people in many lands heeded the call "Come out and help us", that was sounded out by the government of Canada. "Help us to build a new port and terminal on the Pacific." Those people sold their farms, their businesses, their homes, and started West to grow with the country, and play their part in building the new port. At a civic dinner that was given on the occasion of my last visit there, one old-timer told the house that we actually believed, and had every reason to consider ourselves partners with the government of Canada in the building of the new port. Another old-timer told us that when he had told a group of government and railway men that they had made a mistake in selecting such a rock-bound spot for the terminal and port, one of them said that when the second pier was completed in the harbour, there would not be a square yard of surplus rock left in the city limits. Then to show me how faithfully the people played the game, Mr. Pullen, of the "Daily News", took me in his car, and drove me around the city. There were hotels, bank buildings, City Hall, stores, homes, paved streets, water-works, electric light and power lines, schools, churches, parks, hospital, and when we stepped out of his car, Mr. Pullen said "How much of this would have been here today if our people had been permitted to see into the real future." But the G.T.P. Railway was backed by the Grand Trunk, and the Grand

Trunk was owned in England, and the Government of Canada was behind the Grand Trunk, and both the new line and the new port on the Pacific. It surely was a great future they were looking into!

#### A Toonerville Trolley To Serve A Great Canadian Ocean Port

I had just stepped off No. 1 Continental train that had come to a halt on No. 1 Track at Jasper. This train was pulled by a very powerful locomotive of 60-50 Series, and of the 4-8-2 type; she was supplied with a very large tender of the Vanderbilt type, mounted on two 6-wheel trucks. The train was made up of four mail, express and baggage cars, one colonist, one day-coach, one tourist, one diner, two pullmans, and one observation car; all up-to-date steel equipment. When all was in readiness, the conductor stepped aboard, gave a cord two little pulls, and she moved off as gracefully as a swan on a mill-pond, and was on her way to Vancouver. Over on No. 2 track sat No. 2 train which was a duplicate of No. 1, and in due course her conductor gave the cord two little pulls, and she too very gracefully moved off, and was on her way to Montreal. This left the Prince Rupert train, which was on No. 3 track, exposed to the view of those on the station platform. This train was headed by a heavy freight engine of the 2-8-2 type, with some 20 freight cars consisting of flats, stock-cars, box-cars, and oil tanks; then came the mail car; then a combined baggage and smoker, a day-coach, a pullman, and a combined diner and observation car; all wood and very obsolete equipment, each unit having its own individual heating plant.

After an hour spent in loading the mail car with the bags thrown off No. 1 and No. 2, everything seemed to be in readiness. But, instead of the conductor giving a cord two little pulls, there were two blasts of the whistle, then the beginning of a rumbling like distant thunder which is coming nearer as the slack of the freight cars is taken up, and by the time the motion reached the passenger equipment the engine had gained enough momentum to give our old coach the snap of a bronc trying to jerk himself clear of a wagon, and we are off on our way to Prince Rupert -- the once new port of the Pacific -- which lies six divisions ahead.

But I have missed a cog. As the brakeman has to leave the switch turned to the main line, there is another rumble of distant thunder, and when it reached our coach it played the part of a broncho that sets its neck and stiffens its legs. We come to a sudden halt; the switch was turned; two blasts of the whistle; another run of thunder; another jump of our old coach, and we are away.

As it grows colder when night comes on, the brakeman gets busy shovelling coal into the heating plants, when an old lady seated near the heating plant asked the brakeman to open the sky-lights, and give us some air; but, when he got one open, and was reaching for another, an old gent at the other end shouted "Hey, there, close them up! This old car is as cold as

a barn." "Nonsense!" shouted the old lady, "it is as hot as a furnace." While the brakeman was turning his eyes to each of the disputing parties and the skylight, the conductor came on the scene, and told him to close the lights, and have the old lady and gent change seats, which they did. But the old lady soon moved to the hot end of the car.

As the hours rolled on towards midnight we began to grow sleepy, and then there seemed to be a station or siding at every mile, and we were forced to go through the rough process of stopping, and listen to our engine shunt cars on the siding, and then the same ordeal of getting started. This will give an idea of how we worried our way over six divisions of the crack new line, and came to a stand-still at the new port on the Pacific.

But 33 years have passed into history since that memorable 29th of July, 1903, when the documents were signed that gave the G.T.P. birth, and caused the new port to take its place on the map of Canada; 33 years, and not one yard of rock has been put into piers in the harbour. But there is a freight-shed mounted on piling, on which the barnacles are eternally preying. Thirty-three years, and not a passenger train has made the flight from Moncton N.B. But the port is served by the make-up they call a "mixed", on which we have just arrived. Thirty-three years, and outside of a little war activity, the \$3,000,000 ship-building plant has been idle, and the giant dry-dock has never had its lifting capacity tested. Thirty-three years, and no foreign commerce coming in or going out of the port. Thirty-three years, and not even the shadow of the great picture of 1903--a picture of miles of terminal tracks filled with freight trains, ships in the harbour waiting their turn at the piers, to exchange their commerce with the trains sitting on the yard tracks. Thirty-three years, and so far as the government and the railway playing their part in the partnership game of building up the great new port on the Pacific, it has been a great BLANK.

Then, should it be strange if those who staked their all have lost faith in people, in governments, in railway companies, and are now wondering if there is really a God in Israel?

#### Provincial Backing Given To Railways on the understanding they were to connect Peace River with the coast.

While the P.G.E. railway was promoted by Vancouver interests, whose ambition in the enterprise was to catch the traffic off the G.T.P. at Prince George, and switch it down to Vancouver, yet the objective of the enterprise was the Peace River country, and there is many a man in the Peace River Block today who would never have seen the country, had it not been for the advent of the P.G.E. Railway. The B.C. government issued the charter and backed the bonds to finance the line; so therefore it was interested in its future, and the country, and the line opened up. So the B.C. government of the



Threshing in the Peace River Block.

day encouraged the people in many ways to settle along the line, and especially in the Peace River Block. These people made the move, and endured the sacrifice that such moves call for, with that faith in the railway and the B.C. government that a dying man has in his religion. While the E.D. & B.C. Railway has a Federal charter yet it was financed by the Alberta government backing its bonds, which was done after the government sent the Hon. Chas. Stewart into the country to investigate as to the advisability of putting a railway into the country. In the provincial campaign of 1913, Premier Sifton, speaking at Medicine Hat, told his audience how the new Alberta line was going to connect with the P.G.E. at the provincial boundary, and make a new and direct outlet from the heart of Alberta to the Pacific, and he (Premier Sifton) took no little pains to tell of the great country the line would open up, and advised people to get into the country without delay. And the people did come in from many a clime and zone, and they had every reason to come. The E.D. & B.C. railway got their line to where McLennan now stands during the winter of 1914-15, and among the great number of cars of settlers' effects to arrive were two from a man in Chilliwack, B.C., loaded with the most beautiful Holstein cattle one would ever wish to see. He and his two sons unloaded the cattle, and after resting them started to drive them over 200 miles across country to a prospective town-site on the P.G.E. line. He told us of the financial aid the B.C. government had given him in his move. Believe it or not there was no power on earth that could have showed that man the sad disappointment that was in store for him.

During the year 1919 the Hon. F.B. Carrill was sent by the Federal government to look the country over as to the advisability of the government giving the railway the colonization bonus. Later, when he was addressing the Great War Veterans at Calgary, he told them to get into the Peace River country, that he never had seen such grass and other vegetation in his life as up there. He also told them that the railway was going to get the colonization bonus, and it would



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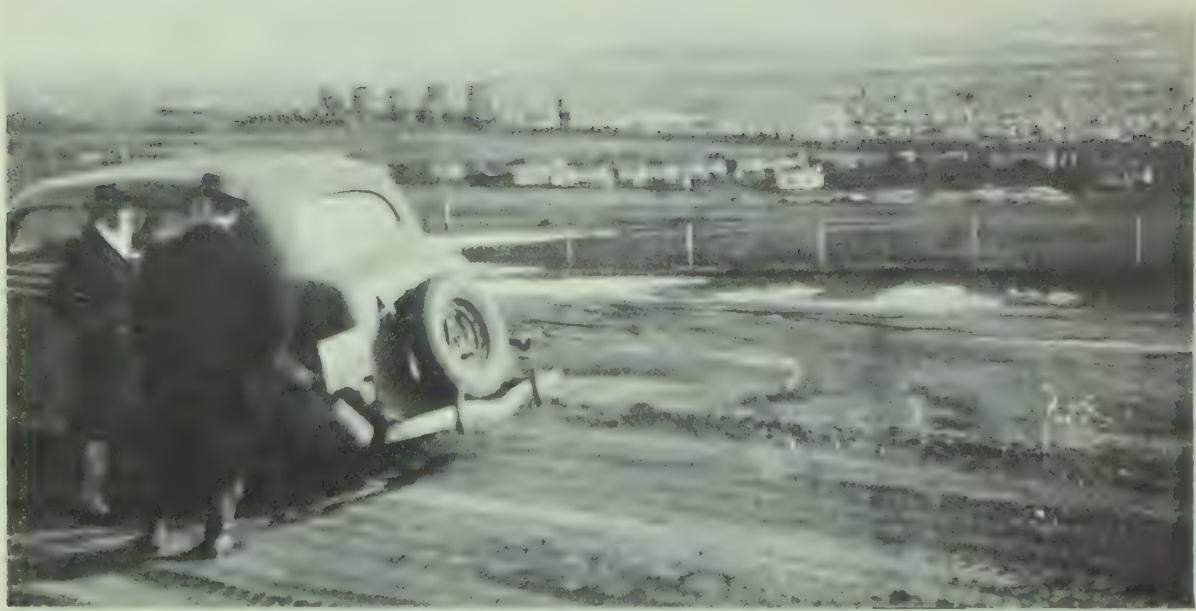
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be connected with the Pacific--which was never done. But did the returned men come? Why wouldn't they come? One is obliged to realize the unshaken faith these people had in the two railways, and in the governments of Alberta and B.C. in order to understand the keen disappointment that they were called upon to endure, when they were faced with the fact that both the railways were wrecked financially long before they reached their objective.

Just ponder over the case of the man with the Holstein herd, located some 200 miles N.E. of Prince George, and his railway stalled at Quesnel. And his was only one of hundreds of such cases. Hence the words "Coast Outlet."

#### The First Exodus From The Peace

In 1920 it became apparent that things were tightening up financially with the E.D. & B.C. Railway, and a tremendous slide occurred on the Peace River section, which proved to be the proverbial straw. So the promoter, in the person of the late J. D. McArthur, threw up his hands, and handed the railway over to the Alberta government. About this time Messrs. Foley, Welch & Stewart, and the B.C. government developed a financial squabble over the P.G.E. Railway that put that line out of the picture insofar as the Peace River country is concerned, and it looked for a time that the E.D. & B.C. Railway would be abandoned. Here let me say that one would have to be in the country (and live in it) in order to have a real knowledge of the great cloud of disappointment that settled over the whole country, especially when the real exodus started, and increased with each month. The traffic that was moving at all on the railway was settlers' effects going out,

and those who did not have the funds to pay the freight on their equipment disposed of it, or abandoned it, and quit the country.

It was then that a bunch of old-timers (and "stickers") began to talk "Coast Outlet". They talked it in and out of season; they took space in the journals of the day; they sent delegates to Ottawa; they let the world know in no uncertain way that the only thing that would save the situation in the Peace River country was a through railway to the Pacific, which would be the foundation on which the country was to be built, and the Federal government responded to our call; the Coast Outlet was mentioned in the speech from the Throne around 1926; it was discussed; surveys were put through every ravine and pass in the Rockies-- BUT NO RAILWAY.

Then one fine day we had a C.N.R. delegation wait on us, and their mission was to prepare for a trip for Sir Henry Thornton through the country. The people proved equal to the occasion; they turned out with cars, and gave Sir Henry the time of his life, for we thought we could see a ray of hope. When Sir Henry left us, he handed the press a report of his trip, on which he made the statement that "when the country produced the tonnage equal to 10 millions of bushels of wheat, then the railway would be considered." It was then that our newspaper men got busy and showed our people that we had produced very nearly the required tonnage that year, and called on the people to take Sir Henry at his word, and produce the 10 millions of bushels of wheat. The farmers of the country were equal to the occasion; the brush was grubbed out, and many an ox, horse, and tractor trailed breaking-plows; the land was turned over, and the

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GARDEN AT FORT ST JOHN PEACE RIVER  
TAKEN SEPT 16 1923

10 millions of bushels was produced. But while it did not bring the railway, yet it proved to be a boon to the country, for it stopped the exodus. By this time the Alberta government had got the C.P.R. to operate the line, and got the old passenger train making the two trips per week as scheduled, and things were looking better. Then we had a visit from the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, three train-loads of men representing all walks of life between Cape Breton and Vancouver Island, and they were taken over the country by the Peace River people. After seeing the country and the people in it, it was their unanimous expressed opinion that the Coast Outlet belonged to the Peace River people by all the laws of both God and man.

One would now think that, as the 10 million bushels of wheat was a reality, and with the decision voiced by such a body as the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, that Sir Henry and the C.N.R. would have made a move. But apparently they fell asleep, to be awakened years later by Edward Beatty rapping on the door seeking admittance to sell them a half-interest in the E.D. & B.C. Railway, which he, Beatty, had in his grip.

**Sir Edward Beatty Refers To Conditions in the Peace River Country as "Simply Unthinkable"**

During the winter of 1923-24 there was a very brisk move worked up for a branch off the C.N.R. from Obed, running north to the Grande Prairie country, which was supposed to be our Coast Outlet, which, of course, would isolate all the Northwest, which is the real Peace River country. When it became apparent that this line would rob the E.D. & B.C. line of its traffic, Premier Greenfield got busy and procured a pledge from the federal

government that they would make no move in the railway situation of Peace River that would jeopardize the Alberta government in their bonded indebtedness, which headed off the Obed branch, and made the E.D. & B.C. line (which was then owned by the Alberta government) the key to all the Peace River country.

It was then that many of the old-timers began to hope, yes pray, that the C.N.R. would take over the line, and put it through to their main line at Hazelton, and thus put the Peace River traffic into Prince Rupert, and give the federal government a chance to save themselves with the people of Prince Rupert, and give the Peace River country the Pacific railway that is required, and open up the Last Great West.

Then one day a somewhat mysterious man appeared in our midst. His mission proved to be to feel out the people on the idea of the C.P.R. buying up the E.D. & B.C. line, and operating it as a branch (or feeder) to the main line, and we were to forget our Coast Outlet. While this idea received no consideration, yet we did have a visit from Mr. Beatty and party, which occurred at a very opportune time. The binders were working in a very wonderful harvest; the grain companies were experiencing a building epidemic, there were batteries of elevators going up in the towns; the extension was being built from Whitelaw to Fairview; the town of Fairview was like a little city sitting in a wheat field. By the time the battery of cars that was caring for the Beatty party arrived in Peace River, Mr. Beatty had seen enough, for he told us at a reception we had put on for him, that his system was surely going to share in the Peace River business, which of course meant, that, owing to the understanding between the Federal and the Alberta gov-

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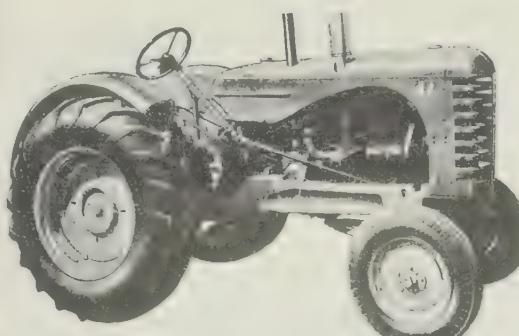
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ernments, he had to get the E.D. & B.C. Railway, and, as might be expected, he was questioned as to his program. We will use his own words as we refer to his reply: "It is simply unthinkable for you people to be obliged to ship your wheat over 300 miles east, and then more than duplicate that mileage west, in order to get it to the Pacific, where a system of branch lines built into your growing wheat fields will automatically give you your Coast Outlet." This being very reasonable and feasible, as such it was accepted by the Peace River people. Nine years have passed into history, and little or no start has yet been made.

The next morning Mr. Beatty was in Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, talking to Premier Brownlee, who claims that Mr. Beatty refused to consider a Coast Outlet in the deal, which was completed. About ten days after the time Mr. Beatty laid his program before the Peace River people he was in Montreal, and Paul Reading, of the Southam Press, interviewed him, and again we will use his words: "The dividing line that would separate the east and west traffic in the Peace River country would, running North and South, pass through Spirit River and Grande Prairie. As development and production increases west of that line, another road through the mountains may be considered."

From that day to the present, Mr. Beatty has lived up to that interview in his dealings with the Peace River country; and, while we refrain from repeating what has been said of him in our Parliament, yet he has surely proven himself to be no friend to a Canadian people who are spending their lives in the development of the Peace River country.

#### **Wheat Hauled 1441 Miles To Cover Distance of 580 Miles**

When Mr. Beatty closed his deal with the Alberta government he then went to the C.N.R. (whom he beat to it) and sold them a half interest--so that they would not build into the country. Then they created The Northern Alberta Railway, and the C.N.R. and C.P.R. divide the traffic received from that system on a 50-50 basis.

So this is how the scheme works out on our wheat reaching the Pacific ports. On the last trip of the river steamer from B.C. points, she had a cargo of 7,000 bushels of wheat, which she picked up in the B.C. Block, 580 miles east of Prince Rupert. When the boat tied up at the elevator on the water-front at Peace River town, the wheat was 290 miles further away from Prince Rupert. Here the wheat went through the elevator, was loaded on six cars, and shipped to Edmonton, and like all our grain, was handed to the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. for their much cherished long haul. But at Edmonton the wheat was divided on the 50-50 basis between the two railroads, each taking three cars. The C.N.R. haul their three cars 771 miles, and the C.P.R. haul their three cars 836 miles, both landing them in Vancouver. But the wheat in the C.N.R. cars has travelled 1375 miles, while that in the C.P.R. cars travels 1441 miles, to

reach tide-water at Vancouver, against only 580 miles, had it been shipped to Prince Rupert--the natural port for the Peace River country. Nor is our story yet complete, as this wheat, together with other grains, is loaded on a vessel which clears for the Orient. On the morning of the third day out she is much nearer Prince Rupert than Vancouver!

As I said, this was the last trip of the river steamer, as the railway was built into Dawson Creek that fall, but the mileage is much the same by rail as by boat.

Again, the last time Mr. Kennedy brought his Coast Outlet resolution before our Parliament, Mr. Fraser, the M.P. for Cariboo, in his support of Mr. Kennedy's motion, put up a real plea for the north people; he told the House that of 10,000 people in the Peace River country of B.C., 4,000 of them were settled north of the river, and that at that point the river was 900 feet below the prairie. Then he put up a very vivid picture of the settler travelling weary miles to the top of this canyon, and worming their way down the 900-foot bank, then crossing by ferry and zig-zagging their way up the opposite 900-foot bank, and then many weary miles to Dawson Creek, with their grain and other farm produce. Mr. Fraser told the House that while these settlers were of the best people in the northwest, yet they were becoming discouraged, quitting their property, leaving their homes. Mr. Fraser then pleaded with our Parliament to vote money to locate a line on one of the surveys put through; he asked Parliament to make some kind of a move so that he could go back to those people, and tell them to stay with their properties, as their railway had actually started.

But it was then that the then Minister of Railways and Canals came on the scene with his pail of ice-cold water, and drowned the whole thing. And our Parliament went on voting millions of dollars for this, that and everything, including \$1,000,000 for a tunnel under the harbour at Toronto, to a ball park on Hanlin Island.

Mr. Fraser's speech (which to our knowledge is based on facts) surely shows the crying need of the railway to serve the people already in the country, all the way from Hines Creek, Alberta, to Finlay Forks, B.C.; while the story of the six cars of wheat surely shows the need of the Coast Outlet from Finlay Forks to Hazelton, which is on the old G.T.P. 180 miles northeast of Prince Rupert--the natural port for the Peace River country.

#### **A Water Grade Through The Rocky Mountains**

As to the route to be followed, the Peace is the only river that rises west of the Rockies, and is joined by other rivers east of the same mountains. So, by following the Peace to the Finlay Forks, then the Finlay river, then the Omenica river, then the Fall river, we are within 55 miles of Hazelton. A corked bottle dropped in the head-waters of the Fall river would float through the Rockies into Alberta, which in railway language

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is a water-grade, which seems to be what they are all looking for in getting a railway through the mountains, and surely the 55 miles can be covered by a feasible route.

When the C.P.R. was building through the mountains they decided that they were going to get out of the Columbia Valley at Beaver Mouth and head across to Revelstoke, instead of following the Columbia around the big bend. They did not wait for engineers' reports, or look up different routes, but they went to the engineering world and dug up a man who could put them through the route they wanted to go. They found their man in Chicago, his name was Rogers, hence we have the Rogers Pass in the Selkirks. Thus it can readily be seen that when a monopoly (such as we are tied up with) does not want to do anything toward building our line, it is very easy for them to find something that would make a bugbear to the enterprise. When the people of New Brunswick were doing their utmost (early in the 90's) to get the first line of steel ships to come into their port of St. John's, the tides of the Bay of Fundy were the bugbear. But when Sir John Macdonald was face to face with the resignation of two of his lieutenants, in the persons of J. Douglas Hazen and John A. Chesley, it was then that the bugbear disappeared, and the Beaver Line was given a mail contract which brought the first steel ship to the Bluenose port, and the steel ships have sailed the tides of the Fundy (as gracefully as did the wind-jammers) for these 40 years. Last year there were 1,420,715 tons of freight handled over the docks of St. John. Thus, is it not very evident that should something happen, and by that happening it would become very much to the financial interest of the C.P.R. to put through the line on our proposed route into Prince Rupert, and thus enhance the C.P.R.'s interest, this bugbear of surveys and engineers' reports would fade away as did the bugbear of the Bay of Fundy's tides in the early 90's.

But, as there is no prospect of anything happening that would give the C.P.R. such a change of heart, as that corporation harbours no idea of putting the Northern Alberta lines through to the coast, nor did Mr. Beatty have any such idea when he drove his deal with the Alberta government, then where are the residents of Prince Rupert and the Peace River Country getting off at?

**Platitudes and Promises. Must One Port Prosper at the Expense of the Entire North?**

By the previous outline it will be seen that the people of Prince Rupert and the Peace River country have met with serious disappointment at the hands of the various governments and railway companies, which has affected their lives; they have carried their grievance to the door of the Federal government time and time again, for, as a Canadian people we do feel that we should have some attention from our government, and it should have been that we had that attention years ago, then this year's crop of the Peace

River country could have moved over the new line to our port of Prince Rupert, and have ships coming to that port for our grain. While we have lingered with our grievance at the door of the government, we were told that "We are going to make the Peace River country the 'spear-head of development'." "We will build the Coast Outlet for the Peace River country as soon as it is humanly possible." In 1930 we were told that, "We will start the Coast Outlet in one year, if the railways fail to do so." The last time the Kennedy Coast Outlet motion was before parliament, it was adopted with the rider, 'when the finances of the country will permit the expenditure.'

Nursing our grievances as we are, it was only natural for us to turn our attention to the finances of the country. By so doing it is found that every line of ships making calls at Canadian ports is bonused either by mail contracts or by cash subsidy from our government.

The question naturally arises, "As our port is two days nearer the Orient, why cannot the Orient mail ships call at Prince Rupert?" and give our port a place on the map, and replace that make-up of a string of freight cars trailing a bunch of scrap-heap passenger equipment that is called a "'mixed'" with a regular mail train, and give Prince Rupert her share of the through shipping, and make her people feel that they are at last a part of Canada? While we Canadians are proud of Victoria as the "Los Angeles of Canada", and we are equally proud of Vancouver as our San Francisco; as surely as the sun sets, if we are going to open up this Last Great West, if we are going to square our country out to the Pacific, then we must have our own 'Portland' at Prince Rupert, and our own 'Seattle' at Stewart.

How can this be done, may I ask, if we continue to donate millions of dollars on Vancouver, which is years ahead of the country today?

**A Plea From The North For Decent Consideration**

Let me say that the members of the Peace River and Prince Rupert Railway Committee are neither politicians nor orators, but just humble mortals, who are trying to plead the cause of a disappointed people who have been nursing their grievances for many years, and may we hope that we have established the fact that there are thou-



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An air photo of the 'Natural Port' of Prince Rupert, B.C.

sands of those people in the Peace River country of Alberta, in the Peace River Block of B.C., and in the city of Prince Rupert. May we hope that we have established the fact that these people are in that position at the hands of various governments and railway corporations; that these people had every right to make the move they did in view of the program that was laid out before them; they had every reason to expect the governments and railways to play their part in the game. Then should it be strange that they should nurse their grievances while they watch the millions spent on works, and may we say questionable projects, which have been referred to? May I make so bold as to say that if our government is ever going to open up this last North West--if they want to square our country out to the Pacific, as the United States people squared their country out to the same sea--then the time is NOW for them to open up Prince Rupert, put lines of shipping there, put the Orient mail through there, and, if our railway was completed as it should have been, and this year's crop of the Peace River country was going to Prince Rupert, it alone would change the face of the picture. And may we say that it belongs there, just as the farm crop of New Brunswick belongs to the port of St. John.

While Overseas, we found that in the political life of England they had a group of people they called 'Little Englanders.' The man who could stand on the station

platform at Jasper, and study the make-ups and movements of the three trains that have been referred to, and keep his blood cool, is surely a pretty small Canadian, for it surely shows that our country is made up of Vancouver and Montreal, and a tight line between; and for anything that is off that line it is just too bad, and we are a long way off of it, and surely the time has come for a change. Therefore may this community make so bold as to ask our Federal government to give Vancouver a two-years' rest, and let the country catch up to her as she is, and may we very earnestly demand of our government that not a further dollar of the people's money be spent on any waters of the St. Lawrence, until there is an understanding with the United States government on the Chicago Diversion. Any person who does

to the King's Printer for Hansard No. 32 (March 20, 1935) and make a study of Mr. McNicol's address as found on page 1424.

In the meantime to turn their attention to this Northwest, open it up; open up Prince Rupert, Prince George, Smithers, McBride, Pacific and all of the six divisions that are now served by the 'mixed' that has been referred to. And to our friends on Parliament Hill may we say that when this work gets on its way, just watch the smile creep over the face of the statue of the old chief that put Prince Rupert on our map.

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OPEN UP PRINCE RUPERT!

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# Know

# Your

# Brands

by Lee Stanley



During the first world war when I went straight from Canada and the old North West Mounted Police to the Royal Air Corps, on one of my leaves to see my brother in the north of England I spent a stopover with a cavalry unit, because despite the thrill of flying, my first love was always horses.

Down at the corrals I watched them breaking-in several mounts and they were having a devil of a time with a small, nondescript piebald. Once the rider was on her she was as gentle and as broke as you could wish, but there would be a terrific bucking contest for the period while he tried to mount. After I'd watched this show for some time it suddenly came upon me what was wrong.

"Mind if I take a whack at that horse?" I asked the sergeant in charge, who was standing beside me cursing under his breath each time one of the men bit the dust.

The sergeant was Cockney English, and you could tell he thought he knew all there was to know about horseflesh. He looked me up and down. I was pretty young and I could tell what was going through his mind . . . 'Green youngster thinks he'd like to try. Fat chance he has of sticking on! Airforce uniform too. Well, it won't hurt to show these air birds breaking horses is no cinch for rookies....'

A smirk spread over his face and he said "Okay kid. Go ahead if you want to."

He called off the fellows who'd been tussling with the horse trying to mount, and they all lined up on the far side of the corral. I must confess I was scared as I walked across to where the pony stood, head down and breathing hard. I stroked her nose and talked to her and we both calmed down a bit. Then suddenly I threw the lines over her head, rolled up, and she started away at a nice gentle trot. No trouble at all!

I rode once around the paddock and past the sergeant. "Try that again, airforce!" he ordered.

I rode the pony back to the bar, dismounted and then remounted. Compared to the terrible row she'd been raising when anyone else had attempted to get on, this was pie.

As I rode her again past the sergeant sitting on the corral and stroking his jutting chin, he suddenly thrust out a horny finger at me.

"Say, I know what you did," he said accusingly. "you got on the off side of that horse. We were mounting left and you got on the right side and she liked it! Why did you do that?"

"Well," I said, "sitting here watching you guys wrestling with that horse I couldn't help noticing her

brand. In the mounted police riding across the prairies you get to notice brands automatically. Spotting a stray horse here and there, a brand gets to be just like a billboard sign to you; you can't miss it. And I noticed this brand was a crow foot, the brand of the Crowfoot Indians. I've seen thousands of them on horses in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and as soon as I spotted this Indian brand I knew what was wrong. You were mounting left while an Indian always mounts from the right, and that's what this pony's used to."

"Well, why don't they warn us?" grumbled the sergeant. How are we

supposed to know one horse in 10,000 was raised by Indians. Here, let me try her!"

Mounted in the way she was used to the horse performed beautifully. There was one part of the cavalry where they had to mount right because of the equipment they were using, and transferred to this division the Indian pony was right at home.

Now, thirty years later, I reckon that this was one of the first incidents proving the usefulness of the modern national slogan "Know Your Brands!"



## Gear Shift Control In Outboard Motors



A new outboard motor featuring FORWARD, NEUTRAL, REVERSE accomplished by Gear Shift Control was disclosed today by Johnson Motors, one of the older and larger outboard manufacturers, to their local dealer.

The new motor, known as the Johnson Model QD, develops 10.0-OBC certified brake horsepower at 4,000 revolutions per minute and weighs only 56 pounds (without the separate fuel tank). The QD is said to be not only a brand new motor but a new kind of motor in that it gives the owner control and performance not previously available in this field.

It has been customary to carry fuel in an integral tank holding about an hour's supply. This has added 10 to 12 or more pounds to the motor weight. An auxiliary supply in a separate can has been essential for a satisfactory cruising range. Now, in the new QD motor, the  $4\frac{1}{4}$  imperial gallons plus oil Mile-Master tank is separate from the motor, making possible the Two-Hand Carry, motor in one hand, fuel supply in the other. A 12-foot flexible fuel line is equipped with a Self-Seal connector which plugs into the motor like connecting a toaster. Thus, what has been an extra fuel supply now becomes the regular supply, ample for hours of full throttle operation.

With the new QD, absolute and complete boat control is provided. Start in Neutral at the dock; shift into Reverse and back out under full control; shift again and the boat is on its way with "hold-your-hat" acceleration.

Those are only the two most unusual QD features. There are numerous others such as one lever speed control, automatic speed limitation in neutral and reverse, the new Vari-Volume pump for cooling, slow consistent trolling speed, quiet underwater exhaust with exhaust gas diversion in reverse to prevent cavitation, rubber floated propeller and many others.

This new motor has been more than five years in the making. A half million dollars have been invested in tooling for quantity production. It will certainly be of great public interest when the pre-view of this amazing motor is announced in the spring of 1949.

# HIGHWAY INTO

## RAINBOW LAND

by James A. Moody

Encino, Cal.



Totem pole on highway at Skeena Crossing.

he highway is gravel but it is passable. It is long and slow but every mile will repay you your time. It is the continuation of the Cariboo Highway in British Columbia. The western section was built during the war to connect the important Canadian port Prince Rupert, with the hinterland.

If you ship your car from Seattle or Vancouver by boat to Prince Rupert, you start out of Prince Rupert on this highway following the banks of the swirling Skeena River. Those bald-headed eagles soaring overhead or perched on a gnarled limb caught on a sand bar will give you camera fever.

Out of your car you focus on a perfect shot but something in the finder keeps bobbing up and down in the river. Your wife rushes the glasses. The river vibrates with black dots--voracious seal nipping hunks out of the salmon returning to their spawning grounds. The eagle has flown so you try for a shot with at least three seals' heads in it when your wife screams with startled delight. Through the glasses she has spotted fourteen Canadian geese wading out into the Skeena. Now the eagle is in flight, the seals are under water, the geese are out of range and you have no picture.

But upstream the dark clouds are hauling themselves over the snow-covered mountains and a rainbow arches over the powerful Skeena. Then you curse yourself because you loaded with black and white instead of color film. You take not one, but several shots, and impatiently wait to see if your camera captured those countless waterfalls dropping out of the high cliffs, the dense dark forests growing down from the fresh white snow on the granite mountain tops.

You will become accustomed to those dark clouds. They appear, spill their load generously, and move on. The trailing, sparkling sun lavishes itself over the sloping acres of green, cleared farm lands. The raspberries along the roadside send a perfume into your car. You stop and stuff. A ruffed grouse stands by the underbrush trying to make up his mind whether to dart out of sight in the thicket or continue grubbing. Back in the car your wife spends miles of majestic scenery classifying the many wild flowers she scooped up between mouthfuls of raspberries.

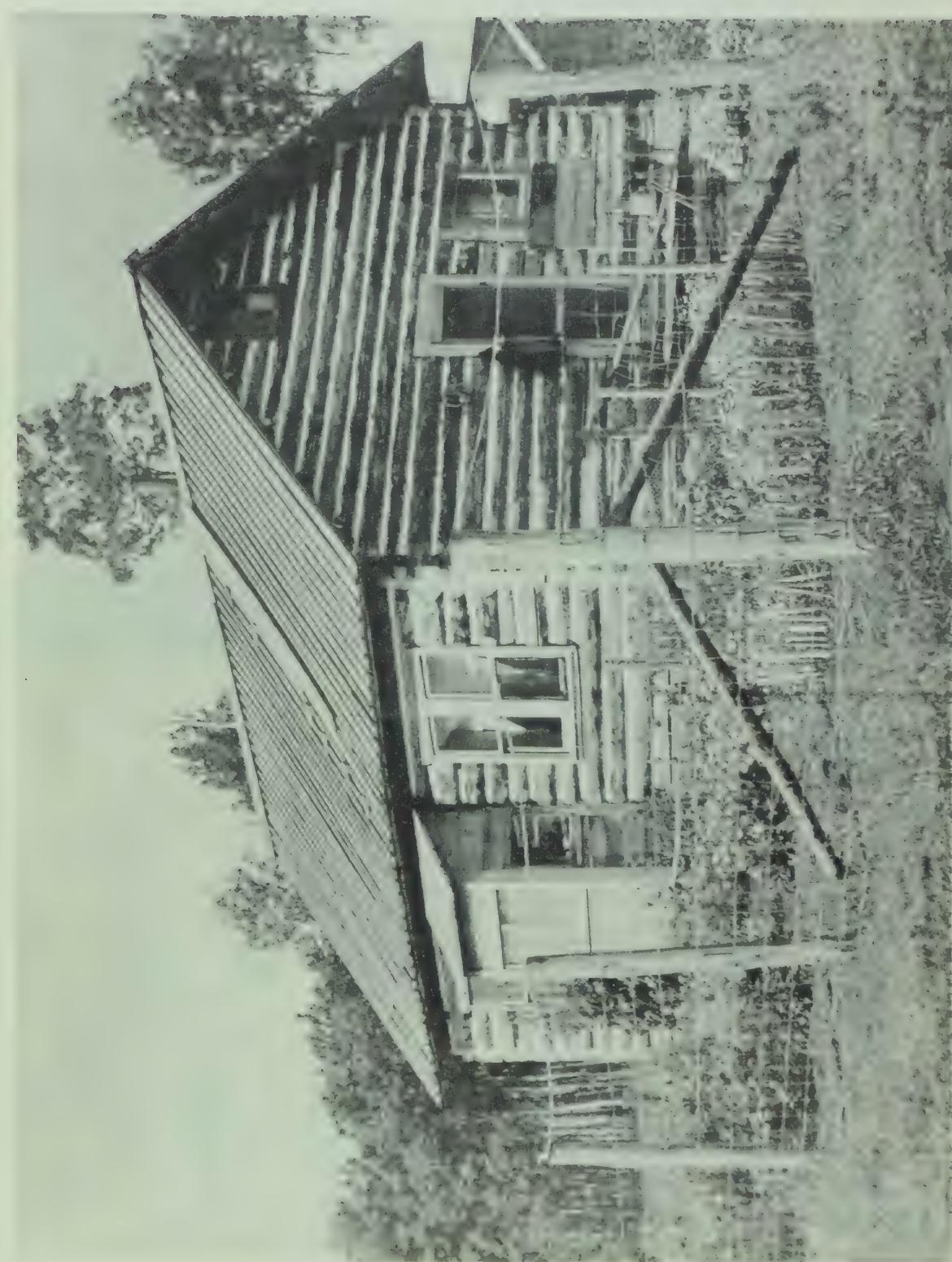
You become aware of the use of, and dependence on, wood in this country. You drive on wooden trestles built into the high cliffs. You admire the



Log barn in the Bulkley Valley district.



"...I just washed them and can't do a thing with them!"



Typical log cabin seen along the highway between Prince George and Prince Rupert. Flowers are vivid and profuse in this climate.

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beauty of the lines of the wooden bridges curving in half circles over the rivers. The miles and miles of wooden fences fashioned out of small limbs and spaced with limbs sticking high into the air crossed like the uprights of a teepee. The log cabins and the log barns.

Driving off the main highway down to the banks of the Skeena to the ferry landing for Kitwanga, we sounded the horn. We yelled loudly and waved a white signal which finally attracted the Indian ferry man. He would be right over, he signaled. The wind blew noisily and the current was too swift for his ferry. His oars bucked up the powerful current on his bank, then he relaxed letting the current bring him back to our landing.

Kitwanga is an Indian village and tourist bait. Totem poles have been removed from their original locations and brought here en masse. Eye-fillers for the tourists who try to decipher the family history carved on these poles in symbols of frogs, turtles, eagles, and bears.

In the village squaws were smoking salmon. Grinning like shy children, they nodded us half-hearted permission to enter the sort of lath house where logs were burning for curing the many salmon hanging from wires stretched across this smoke house. They wanted no conversation and quickly discouraged us by the continual use of the word 'yes' to every question we asked.

Outside children scampered behind the wheels of the big wagons at the sight of our camera. A second later their dark heads, with an embarrassed yet curious grin, would pop out. The slightest indication of focusing and all that remained of these Indian children was a chorus of self-conscious tittering behind the solid wheels.

Hazelton has a good hotel, but even if you make reservations in advance you'll probably find a waiting-list mixing a hi-ball in your room and praying that you don't show up.

This town was the jumping-off place for the Klondyke goldfields. Now Indians, trappers, and lumber-jacks stroll into the up-to-the-minute stores that display such incongruities as the most abbreviated Hollywood

bathing shorts in pastels.

The highway between Hazelton and Telkwa, a distance of about 55 miles should take at least one full day and two if you have the leisure. Every mile of the way is challenging--the sloping, rippling grain fields; the fruit orchards, the pioneer cabins



Child with fawn her father rescued from coyotes when fawn was about two weeks old. The fawn sleeps in the bathroom.



Pioneer farm along the Cariboo Highway.

built close to lakes where wild ducks are as common as mud hens. The vegetable gardens have grown to luxuriant ripeness in the many daylight hours of these northern summers. The haystacks glisten in the sun and the fat

continued on page 119

## Moricetown General Store

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TERRACE

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## AND OTHER STEAMBOATS

### OF MIGHTY YUKON RIVER

As Compiled by  
W. D. McBRIDE

Few people, apart from northerners, realize what an important part the Yukon river has played in north country development - as an avenue of transportation. Since 1896 Mississippi-river-type stern-wheelers have plied the 2000-mile-long waterway between St. Michael, on the Bering Straits, to Teslin, near the B.C.-Yukon border. Realizing that with the advent of modern highway and air transportation a colourful era was slowly coming to an end without adequate records having been kept, the author, W.D. McBride, an old Yukoner, undertook to compile a list of all the vessels which played such an important part in the historic past. The list is an imposing one, totalling over 250 vessels ranging in size from 20 tons to the almost palatial 408 ton 'Klondyke'.

In our winter issue we published the list in alphabetical order from A to J. Below, the list is continued.

**KATIE HEMRICH** (ex Van Vliet)--A 248-ton boat built in Seattle in 1898, and bought by the U.S. Army in 1900. Was later sunk at Nulato. A channel in the Tanana River is called Van Vliet, so presume she was in trouble there.

**KEYSTONE**--A shallow draft boat operated on Iditarod River.

**KILBURN**--Built on Lake Bennett, 1898, sister ship of the A.J. Goddard. Gilbert Skelly says that these two boats were built of steel plates ex Mullins Boat Co., and that the plates and machinery were transported to the head of Lake Bennett by packhorses. Kilburn is beached at Carcross, Y.T.

**KLUAHNE**--Built at Whitehorse, by Taylor & Drury, Ltd., fur traders, and used on Hootalinqua, Pelly and Stewart Rivers. Made a trip up White, Donjek and Kluahne Rivers almost to Kluahne Lake, the Canadian government having offered a bonus to the first vessel to reach the lake. Capt. Jimmie Jackson, famous native pilot, is still living at Whitehorse. Kluahne now at Whitehorse.

**KLONDYKE**--A 406 ton boat built at Dutch Harbor, 1898, by N.A.T. & T. Co., and A.Y.N. Co. Used as St. Michael harbor tug. Now a barge at St. Michael.

**KOYUKUK (1)**--Built at St. Michael in 1902. Wrecked. Machinery installed in new Koyukuk.

**KOYUKUK (2)**--A 254 ton boat built at St. Michael in 1906 by the N.N. Co. Wrecked. Machinery installed in M.L. Washburn. Operated on St. Michael, Koyukuk River and Fairbanks runs in 1906-7-8-9. No further data.

**LA FRANCE**--A 201 ton boat built at Lower LeBarge in 1902 by E.J. Smythe, with R. W. Calderhead registered as captain. Later owned by the B.Y.N. Co. and Barrington Transportation Co. Sunk in the 30 Mile River in the spring of 1911. Capt. S. C. Barrington raised and burned her on May 23, 1911. The boat operated between Whitehorse and Dawson and side streams, and at one time sunk in the Pelly River and was raised and repaired.



Home-made boats and scows bound for the gold fields (about 1899)



One mode of early river transportation



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**LALA LEE COLLINS**--A 7-ton boat built in Seattle in 1898. No data.

**LABELLE YOUNG**--506 tons, built in Portland, 1898, by the Columbia River Pilots' Association. Went to St. Michael under its own steam and operated on the lower Yukon. Capt. C. A. Boerner took her to the Kuskokwim in 1910. Dismantled in 1920 and used as a barge by Capt. Wallace Langley.

**LEAH** (Mrs. Leah Shingleberger)--477 tons. Built at St. Michael in 1898 by the A.C. Company. Arrived in Dawson

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July 26, 1898, with barge, 359 tons freight and 100 passengers. Capt. McGinley. Wrecked on a rock reef below old Kaltag. Made a few trips from St. Michaels to Fairbanks from 1905-07.

**LEON** (Leon Liebes)--A 638-ton boat built at Unalaska in 1898, Liebes & Company, owners. Later owned by the N.N. Co., and A.Y.N. Co. No record of her operations. Did not pass Tanana from 1905 to 1909, inclusive. On ways at St. Michael.

**LEOTA**--36 tons, built at Alameda, Calif., in 1898. Operated several years by Charley Peterson, Andreafsky trader.

**LIGHTNING**--557 tons, built at Vancouver, B.C., in 1898, by the B.C. Iron Works. Original owners were Black, Sullivan & Moran of the Northern Light & Power Co. of Dawson. Arrived Dawson Sept. 10, 1898 with 135 tons of freight. Lightning made her last trip to Whitehorse, arriving Oct. 17, 1914, with Col. Joe Boyle and the Boyle contingent of volunteers for Canadian Army, approximately 100 men. Dismantled at Dawson, 1919.

**LINDA** (Linda Liebes)--692 tons, built at Unalaska in 1898 by Liebes & Co., and later owned by the A. E. Co. Arrived Dawson Aug. 12, 1898, with 120 tons of freight. No record of her operations. On ways at St. Michael.

**LINDERMAN**--Built at Lake Bennett, 1898, sister ship of the Kilburn. Hull is said to be beached on 30 Mile River.

**LITTLE DELTA**--71 tons, built at Fairbanks in 1908 and operated by Cy Atwell on the Iditarod River. Now rests at Iditarod.

**LITTLE SNUG**--50 tons, built at Fairbanks in 1910. Had two pilot houses, one built above the other. No data.

**LIZZIE B**--A 4-ton boat built in New York in 1898 and finished on the Koyukuk.

**LORELLE I**--Built on Lake Bennett, 1898. Moved on June 3, 1901, from Whitehorse to Lake LeBarge by Capt. R. Waters. No further record.

**LOS ANGELES**--29 tons, built at St. Michael in 1898, and said to have been finished on the Koyukuk River.

**LOTTA TALBOT**--242 tons, built in Seattle in 1898 by the Pacific Cold Storage Co., and operated on St. Michael-Dawson run. Wrecked by ice on the

Fort St. John

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Philip Bjorkgren, Fort St. John, B.C.



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FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.



The 'LaFrance' emerging from Five Finger Rapids coming up stream.

Fairbanks waterfront.

**LOUISE** (Mrs. Louise Greenwald)--717-ton boat built at Unalaska in 1898 by the A.C. Co. Last owners were the N. N. Co. and A. Y. N. Co. The Louise was an excellent tow-boat, walking away with eight or nine barges on the St. Michael-Tanana stretch of river. Arrived in Dawson with barges on Aug. 15, 1898, carrying 630 tons of freight. She was affectionately known as the "Lousy", or "Lousy Lou." On the ways now at St. Michael.

**LUELLE** (of Chicago)--A 52-ton boat built at Stockton, Calif., in 1898 and operated between Fairbanks and the Koyukuk, 1905-1909. Completed on the Koyukuk.

**LULLY C**--Built and operated on Lake Bennett, in 1898 or 1899.

**MABLE F**--Built and operated on Lake Bennett, now beached at Carcross, Y.T.

**MARE ISLAND**--300 tons. Formerly a ferry-boat operated between San Francisco and Vallejo. A side-wheeler. Went to St. Michael under her own steam and there condemned.

**MARIAM**--Built at St. Michael, a N.A. T. & T. tug. Later used as a cannery tug in S. E. Alaska.

**MARJORIE**--278 tons. Built at new Westminster, B.C., in 1898 by the Teslin Transportation Company. Her builder was Oliver Bigney; owner Henry C. Lisle. Register cancelled in 1914.

**MARGARET** (Margaret Wilson)--Built at St. Michael in 1897. Machinery ex "Arctic" installed in Barge Margaret. Capt. C. Y. Malmquist took Margaret up river in the fall of 1897, where she wintered at Ft. Yukon. Arrived in Dawson July 11, 1898, with 245 tons. Operated on St. Michael-Dawson run. Now on beach at St. Michael.

**MARATHOM**--Passed Tanana September 14 1909, enroute to the Iditarod with Captain Olsen. No further data.

**MARY F. GRAFF**--864 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898. One of the Moran fleet later purchased by the A.E. Company. Is now in Dawson.

**MARTHA CLOW**--98 tons. Built at Stockton, 1898. Made a trip from Dawson to the Kantishna, 1905, with Captain Simms. Operated between Innoko, Fairbanks and St. Michael. Finished at Fairbanks.

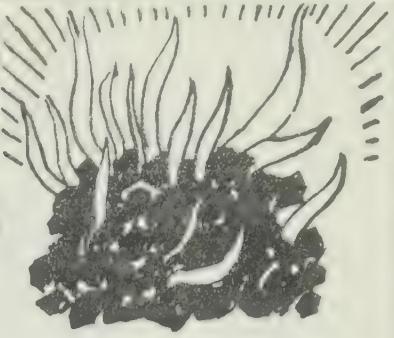
**MAY D**--66 tons. Built at San Francisco, 1898. Said to have been finished on the Koyukuk. No data.

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FORT ST. JOHN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

**MAY WEST** (See *Vidette*)--134 tons. Built at St. Michael in 1896. Owned by company of which P.C. Richardson was manager. Wintered 10 miles below mouth of Tanana; arrived at Dawson June 8, 1898, first steamer. Part of cargo was 16 bbls. whiskey which sold for \$1 per drink. Bought by R.N.W.M. Police, renamed **VIDETTE**; resold to Barrington Transportation Company who operated her on Stewart River several years, always coming to Whitehorse in the fall. Sid Barrington, captain, and A.W.H. "Alphabetical" Smith, Dawson agent. Famous member of the crew was "Splotus" Hockie Dennis (colored boy) who acted as banjoist, cook's helper and mascot. Taken over by B.Y. N. Co. Sunk in Lake LaBarge in 1917 while being towed to winter quarters by Str. Canadian.

**MILWAUKEE**--396 tons. Built in Ballard, 1890. Finished on Kuskowim river. Arrived in Dawson September 17, 1898, with 161 tons.

**METEOR**--68 tons. Built in San Francisco, 1900, A. E. Company. Used as St. Michael tug (twin propeller). Owned by N. N. Company and A. Y. N. Company. Now operated by Frank Williams out of Nome. In 1913, J. F. Erhardt, "Circus Jack," N. N. commissary foreman, while having lunch on the "Meteor", stirred his coffee with his indelible pencil. Thickening of blood resulted, stiffening of limbs, and stomach pump applied by Dr. McMillan of the U.S. Army.

**MINNEAPOLIS**--236 tons. Built in Tacoma, 1898. Owned by the Dominion Commercial Co., N. N. Co., A. Y. N. Co. Sold to Alaska Railroad in 1927. Operated between St. Michael and Fairbanks. Now at Chena.

**MOCKING BIRD**--82 tons. Built in Tac-



Steamer 'Nasutlin' taking on passengers

oma, 1898. No data.

**MONA** or **MONO**--289 tons. Built on the Stikine River, 1898, by Teslin Transportation Co. Owned by R. P. McLennan. Burned at Dawson, March 28, 1902.

**MONARCH**--463 tons. Built in Ballard, 1898, by the Columbia Navigation Co. Towed from Seattle to St. Michael by S.S. "Rival". Capt. C. W. Sprague left St. Michael on June 30, 1898, with 70 passengers including C.J. Vifquain, general agent, B. Y. N. Co. Arrived Dawson July 21, 1898, first through steamer from St. Michael. Operated to St. Michael and Fairbanks. Now on St. Michael ways.

**M. L. WASHBURN** (general manager N.N. Co.)--284 tons. Built at St. Michael, 1911 by the N. N. Co. Machinery ex Koyakuk 2. Operated mostly on the St. Michael-Iditarod run. Sold to A. Y. N. Co. in 1914. Nick-name, "The Shaggy Dog." Struck a rock and sank near Little Salmon, Y.T., in the fall of 1920, while en route to assist Str. Selkirk wrecked at mouth of Stewart river.

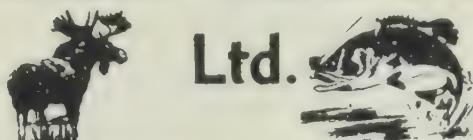
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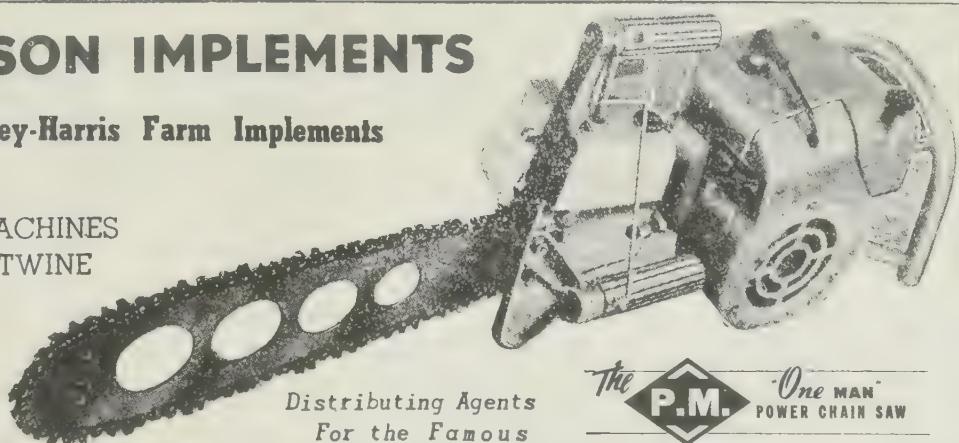
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**NASUTLIN**--405 tons. Built at Whitehorse in 1912 by the B.Y.N. Co. Still in service at Whitehorse. Commonly known as the "Nasty". Made a trip up the White River to mouth of Donjek in fall of 1941 in connection with Shushana Stampede, taking 22 days for round trip from mouth of White River with Capt. Gardner, Pilot Sam Cromart, Mate Polley, Purser Donnenwerth, Chief Engr. Bourne, Second Engr. Moir, Steward Carter. There were probably a few bars they failed to find on the muddy White River.

**NENANA**--Bought from the builder, Mr. Bailey of Fairbanks by Taylor & Drury, Whitehorse. Probably was operated on Shushana Stampede. Not to be confused with Alaska Railroad's new 'NENANA.'

**NEW RACKET**--Built in San Francisco, 1822, by the A.C. Co. Taken to St. Michael by Ed Schieffelin.

**NORA**--67 tons. Built on Lake Bennett 1898, by Bennett Lake and Klondike Navigation Co. Came through the Rapids and operated on Dawson run, **ORA**, **FLORA** and **NORA**. Dismantled in the spring of 1903 and converted to a barge.

**NORCOM** (See Evelyn)--508 tons. The original "Evelyn" was built by Bratobar, Seattle, for Upper Tanana Trading Co., 1908. Sold by them to N.A.T. & T. Was wrecked in Tanana River, machinery taken to St. Michael and new hull built. Converted to Canadian registry in 1913, and renamed **NORCOM**. Now on the ways at Hootalinqua, Y.T. Register cancelled in August, 1931.

**NORDICA** (See Rosalie) -- A steam launch which the U.S. army used in St. Michael Harbor, Engineer Fred Wagoner, "The flying Dutchman". See "Rosalie" for account of famous race with "Nordica".

**NORTHERN LIGHT**--12 tons. Built at St. Michael, 1896. Final resting place, the Koyukuk River.

**NORTH STAR** (of S.F.)--28 tons. Built at St. Michael, 1898. May have finished on the Koyukuk.

**NUGGET** (of St. M.)--5 tons. Built at St. Michael, 1898. No data.

**NUNIVACK** (U.S. Revenue)--Captain Cartwright ran the boat for the U.S.R. S. Wrecked at W/Q below Nenana.

**ORA**--69 tons. Built at Lake Bennett, 1898, by the B.L. & K.N. Company. Came through the Whitehorse Rapids in July, 1898, and arrived in Dawson July 8.



The 'Oil City' making an intermediate stop.

Dismantled in the spring of 1903 and converted into a barge.

**OIL CITY**--718 tons. Built in Seattle by the Moran Brothers, 1898. Operated in 1898 by the Standard Oil Co. Last owners were the N.N. Co., and A.Y.N. Co. Arrived in Dawson Sept. 9, 1898, with 400 tons of freight, probably with barge. One spring after a bad breakup, Jas. Walker, trader at Holy Cross wired the A.Y.N. office re **OIL CITY**: "Your steamer is where my store was." Hull is believed to be now at Holy Cross.

**OLIVE MAY** (Changed to the Dora in '99)--registry 54 tons. Built by Capt. N. Raymond at Whitehorse and used on the Whitehorse-Dawson run. Sunk in the 30-Mile River with a load of sheep. Said to be Service's "Alice May." R.W. Calderhead bought it in 1901 from the B.L. & K.

**PAULINE** (Pauline Raymond)--145 tons. Built at Whitehorse in 1907 by Capt. N.B. Raymond. Wrecked by running ice at Sunnydale Slough, Dawson, in the fall and spring of 1915-16.

**PAULINE** (of S.F.)--8 tons. Built in Alameda in 1900. No data.

**PAULINE WARNER**--112 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898. Had twin propellers. No data.

**PELLY**--Said to be the first steamer to go upstream from Dawson. Got as far as Selkirk and wintered in Steamboat Slough. Later was fixed up and went down river in the Nome rush.

**PHILLIP B. LOW** (See Eldorado)--466 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898. Arrived in Dawson Sept. 24, 1898, with barge and 445 tons of freight. Was on the Whitehorse -Dawson run and sank so many times she was called "The Fill-up Below." Changed to Canadian registry and renamed "Eldorado." Sold by auction in Dawson, 1901, and dismantled

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DAWSON CREEK, B.C.



'Sarah' and 'Susie' at St. Michael, Alaska.

in 1903. May have been used later as a barge.

**PILGRIM**--718 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898, by Moran Brothers. Owned by Blue Star Navigation Company. Captain Drone. Arrived in Dawson, Sept. 20, 1898. Last owners were the N.N. Co., and A.Y.N. Co. Resting place, the ways at St. Michael.

**PORTRUS B. WEARE**--400 tons. Built at St. Michael in 1892, the first boat of the N.A.T. & T. Co. Arrived in Dawson June 13, 1898, after spending the winter at Ft. Yukon. Acting purser was Murray S. Eads, later proprietor of the Royal Alexandria Hotel, Dawson. He was lost on the "Sophia" in 1918. Last owners were the N.N. Company, A.Y.N. Company. Now on the ways at St. Michael.

**PROSPECTOR**--registry 165 tons. Built in Whitehorse, 1901, by Emil Stauf and H.E. Ridley. Ran on side streams by Stewart River Co. Later acquired by BYN Company. Part of hull is in the river below Whitehorse. Machinery installed in "Nasutlin".

**PUP**--33 tons. Built in Ballard, 1905 by Chindern. Finished on the Innoko

river.

**QUICK**--67 tons. Built in Dawson, 1900 by E.J. Smythe. Owned by Robert C. Smith. Operated on the main river in 1901. Used as Dawson ferry. Later condemned. Hull now at Dawson.

**QUICKSTEP**--343 tons. Built in Seattle 1898. In 1918 she was bought by Capt. Wallace Langley who took her to the Kuskokwim in 1922.

**RAMPART**--5 tons. A sternwheeler, built in Dawson in 1908 by Alphonse Geoffry. Owner was Dan Cadzow. Destroyed in 1914.

**REAPER** (See Zealandian).

**REDLANDS** of S. F.--14 tons. Built in San Francisco in 1898. No data.

**REINDEER**--Operated on the upper Yukon by Capt. C.E. Miller. Had 'Reindeer' milk sign painted on the side. Burned at Tantalus coal mine.

**RESEARCH**--An iron hull with propeller. Went to the Koyukuk in 1898. Returned to the Koyukuk River in 1899 and to St. Michael in 1900. Later went to Nome and in 1910 Capt. Loomis took the "Research" to the Kuskokwim but it did not reach there the same season. Wintered in Safety Cove. In 1911 she went up the Kuskokwim and finally sunk at the forks of the Tacotna and Nixon Rivers.

**RELIANCE**--291 tons. Built at St. Michael in 1907. The first Reliance was built in 1880 for the A.C. Co. The second Reliance named after her. Made many trips up the Koyukuk River.

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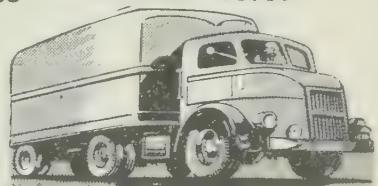
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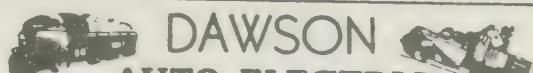


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DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Wrecked and sunk at Minto, Tanana River, Oct. 6, 1917. A total loss.

**ROBERT KERR**--Built in Seattle, 1898. One of the Moran fleet. Purchased by the Pacific Cold Storage Co. and equipped for hauling meat between St. Michael and Dawson. Painted a yellowish brown. Known to the steamboat fraternity as "The Yellow Kerr". No information on its present location.

**ROCK ISLAND (1)**--535 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898, by the Seattle Yukon Trading Co. for a syndicate from Rock Island, Ill. Capt. S.E. Lancaster was of the party and master of the steamer. Rock Island arrived in Dawson Aug. 23, 1898 with 155 tons of freight. Sunk at Chena about 1906.

**ROCK ISLAND (2)**--Built at St. Michael by the Seattle Yukon Trading Co. but soon changed to a barge. Her engines were in the junk yard in Dawson some years ago.

**ROSALIE**--7 tons. Built in San Francisco, 1898. A steam-propelled launch used by the A.C.Co. in St. Michael harbour. A famous race was staged in this harbor in 1899 between the "Nordica" owned by the U.S. Army, Engineer Fred Waggoner, "The Flying Dutchman," and "Rosalie" with Jos. R. Mathews at the throttle. Volney Richmond says, "The Rosalie won. I was at St. Michael during the race. Joe Mathews burned up a lot of bacon to keep up steam. The Army lost their shirts betting." Capt. C.A. Boerner was "also there." He says the race course was around a schooner anchored in St. Michael Bay and that the "Rosalie" passed the

stern of the schooner under her anchor chain.

**SAIDIE**--328 tons. Built by the A.C. Company in San Francisco, 1898, an iron hull, and a sidewheeler. Used as harbour boat at St. Michael, 1898-9. During Nome stampede of 1900, used between St. Michael and Nome. 1901-2 operated between Nome and Kotzebue. Wrecked north of Teller in 1903.

**SAMSON**--272 tons. Built at Fairbanks by Joe Heacock, 1910. Heacock said to have won the money for her construction in a poker game. Now at Fairbanks.

**SARAH** (Mrs. Sarah Sloss)--1130 tons. Built at Unalaska, 1898. Arrived in Dawson September 22, 1898, with 260 tons of freight. A sister ship of Susie-Hannah. See Hannah.

**SAULT STE. MARIE**--Built by a syndicate from Sault Ste. Marie for traffic on the Koyukuk River. Made one trip only.

**SAYAK** (of S.F.)--90 tons. Built at Kagiong in 1900. No data.

**S.B. MATHEWS**--200 tons. Built in San Francisco, 1895. Resting place, the Koyukuk River. No data.

**SCHWATKA**--484 tons. Built at Port Blakeley, 1898. Named after Lt. Frederick Schwatka, U.S. Army, who made a famous trip down the Yukon river in 1883, naming many lakes and 7 rivers en route. His framed photo used to hang in Schwatka's observation room. Last owners were the N.N. and A.Y.N. Companies. The boat is now in Dawson.

**SCOTIA**--214 tons. Built in Chicago, K.D., to ship to St. Michael. Capt.



Launching of the 'Scotia' at Atlin, June, 1916.

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John Irving saw her on the dock in Seattle and convinced owners she was not suitable for the Yukon River so bought her for Lake Atlin, B.C. She operated many years. Capt. J. McDonald won his sobriquet 'Scotia Mac' from her.

SEATTLE NO. 1--Built at St. Michael, 1898 by the Seattle Yukon Transportation Co. Arrived in Dawson June 27, 1898, with 75 tons of freight. Sailed for St. Michael June 30, 1898.

SEATTLE NO. 2--718 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898. One of the Moran fleet. Later acquired by the Empire Transportation Company. Arrived in Dawson with barge, September 8, 1898, with 400 tons of freight. Now on the beach at St. Michael mainland.

SEATTLE NO. 3--548 tons. Built at Dutch Harbor, 1898, by the Seattle-Yukon Transportation Company. Arrived in Dawson August 28, 1898 with 175 tons of freight. Last owners were the N.N. and A.Y.N. Co.

SELKIRK (Held speed record Dawson to Whitehorse, 2 days, 17 hours.)--

777 tons. Built at Whitehorse by the B.Y.N. Co. in 1901. Operated on the Upper River until fall of 1920 when she was wrecked at the mouth of the Stewart River in the fall of 1930. A total loss.

SHUSANA--49 tons. Built in Fairbanks in 1913. Taken over by the Alaska Rivers Navigation Co. in 1914. Now at Fairbanks.

SOVEREIGN--Built in Ballard, 1898, by the Columbia Navigation Co. Was towed from Seattle to St. Michael by

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Steamers 'Susie' and 'Hannah' arriving at Dawson, Y.T.



Last resting place of the 'Tanana' - VanVleet Channel, Tanana River, Alaska.

SS "Lakme". Second steamer to arrive THROUGH from St. Michael to Dawson, July 26, 1898, with 130 passengers including W.H. Parsons of the N.C. Co. Ran between St. Michael and Dawson up to 1904. Finished in the breakers on Nome's beach.

ST. JAMES--Built by the A.C. Company, Capsized at Anvik, 1899, loaded with freight for Koyukuk.

ST. JOSEPH--69 tons. Built at St. Michaels, 1898, for the Holy X Mission. Later bought by N.A.T. & T. and used as a harbor boat.

ST. MICHAEL (1)--28 tons. Built in San Francisco, 1879. Used by Holy X Mission. Later bought by N.A.T. & T.

and used as a harbor boat.

ST. MICHAEL (2)--718 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898. One of the Moran fleet. Finished at Andreaofsky Slough.

SUSANNAH (of S.F.)--75 tons. Built in San Francisco 1889. No data.

SUSIE (Mrs. Susie Niebaum)--1,130 tons. Built at Unalaska, 1898. Now on the ways at St. Michael. Arrived in Dawson with barge August 9, 1898 and 400 tons of freight. See Hannah for other data.

SYBYL--654 tons. Built in Victoria, 1898, by J.C. Stratford. Converted to a barge in 1904. No other data.

TACOMA--718 tons. Built in Seattle, 1898. One of the Moran fleet. Acquired

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Steamer 'Vidette', wrecked in Lake LeBarge - Oct. 1917.



M.L. Wasburn easing through the ice before freeze-up.

by the Empire Transportation Co. Arrived in Dawson September 20, 1898, with 171 tons. Now at Andreaofsky Slough.

**TANANA**--234 tons. Built in Seattle, 1905, by the Langley Transportation Co. Was originally a gasoline vessel. Langley had her towed to Lower LeBarge in 1906 and converted to a steam vessel. Operated out of Fairbanks until 1916, when she was taken to the Kuskokwim.

**TANANA**--495 tons. Built at St. Mich-

ael in 1904 by the N.N. Co. and A.Y.N. Co. She operated on nearly all side-streams. Was sunk in 30-mile River in 1915, raised and repaired. Found her last resting place when she sunk near Minto on the Tanana River in the fall of 1921.

**TANANA CHIEF**--72 tons. Built at Unalaska, 1898, by Hendricks & Belt, traders. Beached now at Chena.

**TASMANIAN**--Steam launch, steel hull. No data on who brought her to the Yu-

Whitehorse, Y.T.

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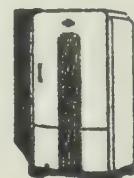
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Steamer 'Whitehorse' leaving Dawson City about Oct. 1908.

kon. Fast and small. Used for special trips from Bennett to Canyon City. Captain Bragg and Engineer Dan Sullivan took her from Skagway to Victoria under her own steam. A.N.H. Hayes, old time Purser and clerk of the BYN Co. says he was on the dock in Victoria when the Tasmanian arrived.

**T.C. POWER**--819 tons. Built in Alaska in 1898 by the N.A.T. & T. Co. Also owned by B.B. Co., and A.Y.N. Co. Named after Senator T.C. Power of Montana. Arrived in Dawson August 17, 1898, with 172 tons of freight. Operated between St. Michael and Dawson. Now on the ways at St. Michael.

**TEDDY H**--153 tons. Built at Fairbanks, 1910. Sunk in the Slough above Nenana.

**TETLIN**--65 tons. Built at Fairbanks. No other data.

**THLINKET**--94 tons. San Francisco, 1893. No data.

**THISTLE**--47 tons. Built at Puyallup, Wash., 1896. No data.

**TOSI**--50 tons. At present a Holy Cross Mission steamer at Holy Cross.

**TYRRELL**--Built in Vancouver, B.C., in 1898, by the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company. Later owners were the N.A.T. & T. Co. and B.Y.N. Co. Arrived in Dawson September 6, 1898 with 125 tons of freight. Operated on Whitehorse-Dawson run. Now at Dawson. Believed named for J.B. Tyrrell, now

president of Kirkland Lake Mining Co., Toronto.

**VAN VLIET**--(See Katie Hemrich).

**VICTORIA**--55 tons. Built in St. Michael, 1897, by the A.C. Company. Capt. Al Hill operated her as Pilot Boat on the Yukon flats. She was the second steamer to reach Dawson from Circle, June 11, 1898, with Capt. S.C. Barrington. Ended her career at St. Michael.

**VIOLA**--Built at Lake Bennett, Slough. No other data.

**VICTORIAN**--716 tons. Built in Victoria, 1898, by J. Todd for the C.D. Co. Was later owned by B.Y.N. Co. Operated on Whitehorse-Dawson run.

**VIDETTE**--See May West.

**VIOOLA**--Built at Lake Bennett. 30 feet long. Smallest steamer to come through the Rapids from Lake Bennett. Capt. E.J. Smythe.

**VIVIEN**--5.5 tons. Was a gas launch, built in Whitehorse in 1907 by Eli Verreau, builder and owner. Dismantled May, 1918.

**WESTERN STAR**--One of the Moran fleet and was lost en route from Seattle near Cook Inlet. Wreck said to have been used by the Indians to build a church at Katmai Mission. (Yukon Voyage, Walter R. Curtin.)

**W.H. EVANS**--Built in Ballard, 1898. Grounded on the Yukon Flats on the first trip. Bought and dismantled by

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A.C.Co., 1900.

**WHITE HORSE**--1120 tons. Built at Whitehorse in 1901 by the B.Y.N. Co. Rebuilt in 1930. Still in service. Known to oldtime steamboat men as 'The Old Gray Mare.'

**WHITE SEAL**--194 tons. Built in Fairbanks, 1905, by George Sproule, Geo. Coleman and Bert Smith. Last owner was the A.Y.N. Co. Sold to Alaska Railroad in 1927. Now at Fairbanks.

**W.H. RIDEOUT**--See Ida May.

**W.H. SEWARD**--Built by the Alaska Commercial Company, and operated in 1898. No data.

**WILBUR CRIMMINS**--124 tons. Built at Coupeville, Wash., in 1898. Was on the Koyukuk in 1899 and brought to Whitehorse in the fall of 1900. Here it was bought by Wallace Langley and operated by Langley and Andvik under British Registry. Returned to U.S. Registry in 1904 and sent to Tanana River. Is now at Nenana.

**WILD CAT of S.F.**--121 tons. Built at Alameda in 1892. No data.

**WILL H. ISOM**--983 tons. Built in Ballard in 1901 by the N.A.T.& T. Co. The Isom was a palatial steamer, with hand-painted panels on state-room doors, gingerbread trimmings on the upper deck. She made 4 trips to Dawson and operated on the St. Michael-Tanana run for six years. Is now on the ways at St. Michael.

**WILLIE IRVING**--(Skelly says this was the first boat through Whitehorse Rapids under her own steam). Built on Lake Bennett, 1898 by Capt. John Irving. Came through Whitehorse Rapids and reached Dawson May 20, 1899, with 64 tons of freight, with Capt. W.B. Abbott. Caught in the ice near Selwyn, 35 miles from Selkirk in the fall of 1899, a total loss.

**WILLIAM OGILVIE**--Built at Lake Bennett, 1899. The last owner was J.M. Ruffner, of Atlin, B.C. Last resting place at Taku, B.C.

**WINNIFRED** (of Circle)--2 tons. Built in San Francisco in 1898, a propeller boat. No data.

**W.J. MERVIN**--229 tons. Built in Seattle, 1883. Financed by Alex McDonald, the Klondike King. Mervin left Dawson for Nome, May 31, 1899. The boat sank in a storm off the Nome beach.

**W.S. STRATTON**--93 tons. Built in

Seattle, 1898. Owned by Alec McDonald. Operated on the upper Yukon in 1899. Caught in the ice near Selwyn, 35 miles north of Selkirk, in the fall of 1899, a total loss.

**WYVERN**--8 tons. Built in Dartmouth, England, in 1896. Owner, Edward M. Bruce. Wrecked and totally destroyed on the Snake River, Alaska, in July, 1900.

**YUKON**--Built in 1883 by the A.C. Co. Operated from St. Michael up the river in 1898. Wrecked on the Koyukuk River.

**YUKON**--651 tons. Built in Whitehorse in 1913 by the American Yukon Navigation Company, a sister ship of the 'Alaska'. Operated between Dawson and Nenana. Rebuilt in 1936. Sold to the Alaska Railroad in 1942 and still in service.

**YUKONER**--781 tons. Built in Victoria in 1898 by the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co. Rebuilt at St. Michael in 1898. Sold to Pat Galvin at St. Michael for \$45,000. Wintered at Russian Mission and reached Dawson, June 24, 1899. Finally became the property of the B.Y.N. Company and last operated in 1903. Had too much draft for the Whitehorse-Dawson run. C.J. Vifquain was one of the first pursers on the Yukoner. It is now side-tracked at Whitehorse and used for lumber storage. For very interesting account of Yukoner's first voyage, and appendiz on early day steamers, see 'Yukon Voyage' by Walter R. Curtin.

**ZEALANDIAN**--180 tons. Built on Lake Bennett 1900, by Alex Watson for John Irving Navigation Co. Last owner was the B.Y.N. Co. Hull was demolished in Whitehorse, 1931. Zealandian was operated on the Whitehorse-Dawson run.

The list of boats as compiled by Mr. MacBride is now completed except for the following steamers and launches which are mentioned in old records and books on Alaska, but with no further data available to the writer:

**ALASKA UNION; ANNA E. FAY** (length 70 feet); **ARCTIC PIRD**, Sausalito, Cal., 1898; **AURORA NO. 2**; **AURUM**, Seattle, 1898; **CARRIER**, N.N. Co., Mail Launch; **FALCON**, B.Y.N. Co., Mail Launch; **ELLWOOD** (of Wrangell), Portland, 1901; **EMILY M.** (of Portland), Brownsville 1898; **EXPLORER; GLOOMY GUS; GOLD SEAL**;



**KALAMAZOO**, Upper River; **MARION**, 43 tons gross, Tacoma, 1901; **MARY D. HUME** Ellensburg, 1881; **MYRTLE** H of Nome; **MESSENGER**, N.N. Co. mail launch; **PELICAN**, B.Y.N. Co. mail launch; **RELIEF**, N.N. Co. mail launch; **SAYAK**; **SIBILLA** (1), B.Y.N. Co. mail launch; **TOURIST**, Pt. Blakeley, 1907, 467 tons.

TOP - Steamer 'Yukoner' on fire at Dawson City about 1901 or 1902.

LOWER - Steamer 'Yukon' taking on fuel.

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The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,  
'Our organist is ill today, will someone play instead?'"  
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there  
As eagerly they watch'd to see who'd fill the vacant chair.  
A man then staggered down the aisle whose clothes were old & torn  
How strange a drunkard seem'd to me in church on Sunday Morn  
But when he touch'd the organ keys without a single word,  
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,  
And just to see it O'er again all earthly wealth I'd give  
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray  
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.  
Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale  
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale,  
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare  
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.  
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat

Except the poor old organist who started toward the street  
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away...  
The preacher rose and softly said, "Good brethern let us pray."

A. Urquhart.

## My Heart's in the Cariboo

Son, I have not forgotten  
The far call oft the range,  
The sweep of the sleeping hillsides  
And the many seasons' change.

For I hear the call of the cattle,  
The wind in the tall pine trees,  
And I smell the scent of the sagebrush  
Soft on the evening breeze.

I can see the lights a-twinkle  
After the set of sun,  
And hear the cowboy's laughter  
After his chores are done.

Why did I ever leave you?  
Oh, if you only knew!  
Tho my feet may tramp thro' the city  
My heart's in the Cariboo.

R.D. Cummings.

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Whitehorse, Y. T.



## EDITORIAL - concluded

continued from page 68

construction, due to the high cost of trucking, the Hart administration sought further to strengthen its northern position by making much ado about its efforts to have the railroad completed. Illogically, Premier Hart was trying to persuade the C.P.R. and C.N.R. to cut their own throats by coming into the P.G.E. venture as PARTNERS. When the two aforementioned railroads already owned the ONLY railroad into the Peace, why should they finance the completion of another railroad into the same area and break their monopoly. From the C.N.R. and C.P.R. point of view there was not a cent to gain, and Mr. Hart was asking them to spend fifty million dollars (the cost of completing the P.G.E.) not to gain it. Astoundingly, however, the administration claimed to be making progress in this direction, but

few thinking people were taken in. (In our Spring 1947 issue the editors of this journal pointed out in greater detail just how illogical it was to expect assistance from the trans-continental railways - and also how, even if such assistance were forthcoming, it would undoubtedly have had strings attached which would nullify any possible benefits).

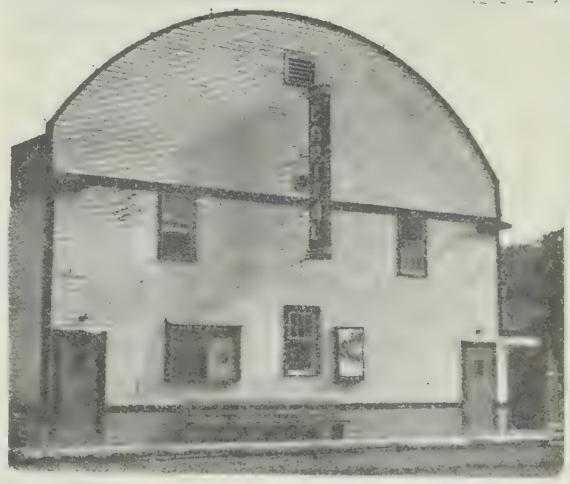
Enter Dr. Johnson.....

Such was the political and economic situation when (Doctor) Byron Johnson arrived on the scene to attempt a cure of north country ills. The successful doctor made a quick diagnosis: A proposed lawsuit against the government by construction companies involved had boomeranged the vote-catching possibilities of the Hart Highway; lumber, livestock and agricultural shippers along the P.G.E. were protesting loudly at the inadequate service, while the railroad suffered greatly from general 'debility'; the populace from

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Whitehorse, Y.T.

Clinton to the Peace River was clamoring for recognition of north country potentialities, for good roads, for an adequate railway transportation system, for abundant cheap electrical power as an inducement for industry to come in and develop latent resources. All told, with an election in the offing, the situation was decidedly unhealthy - one calling for quick and positive action.

Dr. Johnson was equal to the occasion. He wasted no time in hastening back east to find out just how far the two transcontinental lines were prepared to go toward extending the P.G.E. to the Peace - and after receiving the inevitable answer 'not interested' proceeded to work out his own plans for the first stage of the cure.

His first prescription calls for the immediate extension of the P.G.E. to Prince George (to be financed by a Federal Government loan of 8 millions) in order to provide a coast outlet for Prince George district lumber, agriculture and livestock producers, which connection link would also provide a direct link with eastern markets for producers along the P.G.E.

Second prescription calls for the immediate construction of a highway from Vancouver to Squamish (southern terminus of the P.G.E. on Howe Sound) thereby speeding up and lowering the cost of the southern connection.

Third prescription calls for the construction of a lumber assembly dock at Squamish to enable interior shippers to make up full shipload cargoes for export markets.

Fourth prescription, and perhaps the most important to Central B.C. and Cariboo, calls for advancing to the B.C. Power Commission the sum of five million dollars for the purpose of constructing a hydro-electric plant on the Quesnel river near Quesnel. From this hydro-electric plant it will be possible to run power lines to all towns within a radius of 200 miles thereby assuring cheap power to a huge section of the interior as a primary inducement for industry to come in and develop available resources.

Fifth prescription calls for negotiating with already interested

pulp mill interests in an effort to persuade them to build a plant at or near Quesnel and draw their timber requirements from the nine billion feet of reserve timber in that area.

Last prescription, but certainly not less important, and one which has already been administered, was the institution of a probe into the reasons why the Hart Highway is not yet completed, despite extensions of contractors' time limits, and increases in the contract price of nearly 25 percent. (It will be interesting to know what lies behind this mess.)

All told it would seem that (Doctor) Johnson's prescription is just what the patient needs. It is good politically. And it is good economically. Throughout Cariboo and Central B.C. people in every walk of life are patiently waiting for spring - when the promised new development is scheduled to begin. Fifty percent of the people are cheerfully optimistic; thirty percent are dubious; the remainder are downright cynical - declaring the good doctor's prescription not to be worth the paper it is written upon. Time will tell which group is justified in its belief. The editors of this journal belong to the first group - not because the past record of the Coalition justifies faith, but because Dr. Johnson is young in spirit, energetic and bold; a man whom we believe to be a sincere and a capable leader not easily swayed from his purpose--but mostly because we believe he is smart enough to know that if the prescription is NOT ADMINISTERED he will be throwing the north country into the lap of the C.C.F. for all time.....

Since writing the above, the Hart Highway probe has been completed and the two construction companies involved were awarded extra payments of over \$1,700,000.00. The probe was completed in approximately two weeks (record time). Both companies had been awarded increases in contract prices of 15% in 1948, to take care of the increase in wages and operating costs since the contracts were awarded them two years earlier. The above amount was being claimed by the construction companies on the grounds that constant re-location of the road by government engineers while it was under construction was responsible for heavy losses. .... The inside facts of the case were not made public -- they might prove embarrassing to a certain Cabinet Minister and his aides....



Skeena River a few miles east of Pr. Rupert

**HIGHWAY INTO RAINBOW LAND**

continued from page 92

cattle munch rich, cream-producing fodder. A landscape for a new Van Gogh.

The call of the soil is so strong here you want to own some, to work in it, to plant and harvest, and store up your own things for the long winter months to come. Oh yes, t's only your wife's practical sense that keeps you from stopping at the next land office and buying 50 or 100 acres. There was a running stream through that piece you liked, trout in it all the time, too, and in season cohoes come up here to spawn. You drive silently for a few miles wondering if your wife has lost all sense of adventure. Suddenly she points out sharply that the turn you just passed is the one to the Moricetown falls where the Indians spear salmon as they leap over the falls.

After watching the salmon bruise themselves time and again in their impatience to clear the falls, you drive on to attempt the climb to the glacier near Smithers. The guide book labels it "the most accessible glacier in North America." After hours of tortuous failure to climb to it through uninhabited wilds we decided

it might be accessible when rockets are in common use.

Now the Cariboo country lies ahead. Moose, caribou, deer, grizzlies--they are all here, usually behind the dense curtains of trees in this bush country. A moose or a caribou will sometimes block your path in the highway. The black bear cubs don't trust the camera.

All along this highway there are guest ranches, small hotels and fishing camps. Gasoline is no problem and costs only slightly more in this back country than we pay in the States. The restaurants are plentiful and reasonable.

Before we left home we bought Canadian Travellers Checks through our local bank and had the benefit of the favorable rate of exchange. This should be done before entering Canada for the dollar is at par once you are across the border.

We're going back to this highway even if it always remains gravel. However, British Columbia intends to surface this highway which will extend the paved road from Vancouver up through the dynamic Fraser Canyon north to Prince George, and then west to the Pacific coast at Prince Rupert.

Whitehorse, Y.T.



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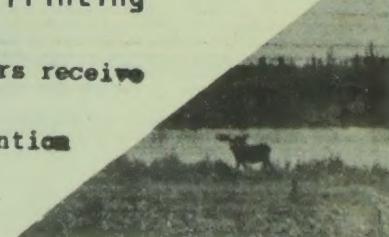
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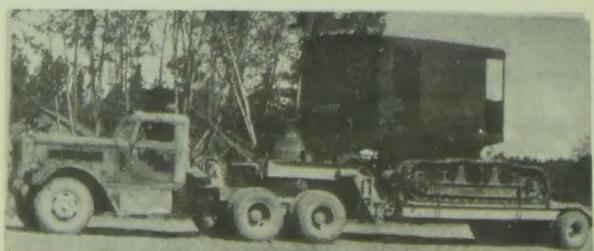
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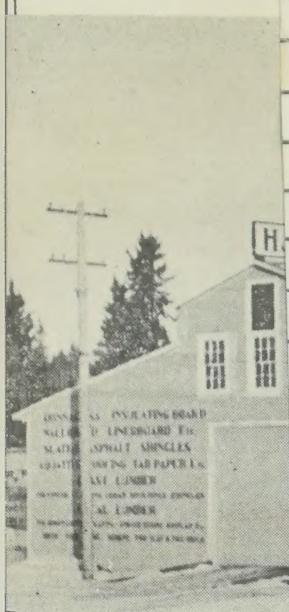
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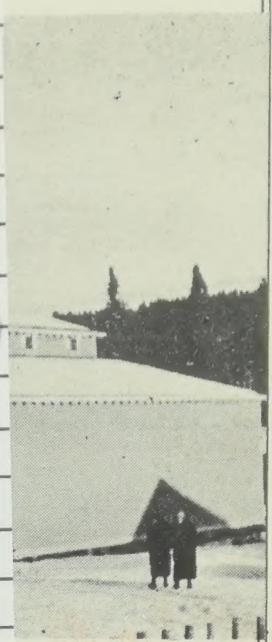
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